271/10

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/sandronhallorday00berk

Thos Thistlethwayte

SANDRON HALL,

OR

THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY

THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, M.P.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1840.

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, JUN., PRINTER, 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET

SANDRON HALL;

OR,

THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

CHAPTER I.

How few can be of grandeur sure!
The high may fall, the rich be poor.
The only favourite at Court,
To-morrow may be Fortune's sport;
For all her pleasure and her aim
Is to destroy both power and fame.

DR. SHERIDAN.

It was at Sandron Hall, in the county of Berks, at the commencement of April, in the year one thousand seven hundred and two, or thereabouts, just as the earth was beginning to

cast off her russet hue, and to don the merrier garb of Spring, that, at an early hour of a bright morning, Charles Sandron threw open his casement and gazed forth on the domain of his fathers.

It was yet so early that the trees cast long westward shadows over the dewy park, and, in some places, upon the still slumbering deer, while in the more open vistas small detachments from the dappled herds might be seen strolling forth to crop the newly-sprung and nutritious grass. Avenues of oaks and chestnuts, with myriads of aristocratic rooks cawing and clamouring around their newly-made nests, shewed that for some centuries, at least, no gambler or spendthrift had plied the property with the needy axe; while the sleek appearance of cows, turkeys, pigs, and poultry, which came forth, or stood around their carefully-allotted places of rest, combined with the vicinity of paddocks, well stocked with fine

brood mares, and surrounded with hayricks, gave to Sandron Hall an air of comfort, solidity, and wealth, which is no where so aptly illustrated as in the well found country-seat of an old English gentleman.

We must now say something of the owners of this residence; there are but few of the same stamp left in the present day—it would be better for England were there more. Sir Stamford and Lady Sandron were far advanced in years, though at the time of which we speak age seemed to sit lightly on the good old knight, for he looked almost as hale and hearty as in his most vigorous youth. Their only son, Charles, had reached his nineteenth year, and was now about to quit home for a sojourn in London, having been hitherto tied, as it is the fashion to express it, to his mother's apron-string, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, to the hunting-belt and bootlash of his father. The following morning was fixed for his de-

parture: but, to make our readers more intimately acquainted with the hero of the tale, let us return to his open casement.

Charles had thrust his handsome countenance, shadowed by his dark hair, between the stone stanchions of the gothic window, and having amused himself sufficiently with the prospect, he exclaimed, without turning his head, to an attendant in the room:—

"Ho, boy! give me my fowling-piece; there's a crow within shot."

The gun was quickly handed to him by a page, and he proceeded to take aim at the bird, surrounded, as it was, by the more valuable poultry.

"Don't shoot, Master Charles," exclaimed the lad from within; "if ye do, sir, ye'll shoot Sir Stamford's favourite gamecock."

"Hold your peace, sirrah; do you think I do not know what I am about!" then, as if addressing the bird mentioned, Charles continued,

"One step more, old blackbreast, and you are sufficiently out of the line. Oh, rare! — a single bird sitting alone is a mark for a tyro sportsman; but when surrounded by others which are to be cunningly missed, then there *is* some skill displayed in picking him off."

Bang went the gun; away, though crippled, flew the crow, and over fell the gamecock, while a host of smaller fowls ran screaming off to plume their ruffled feathers.

Charles looked upon the field of battle with an eye in which mirth at his mistake was blended with disappointment and regret; however, like a spoiled child, he coolly drew in his head, kicked his page, and began to dress. His toilet being accomplished, on the ringing of the bell for breakfast, he descended to the parlour, when the following scene was presented to his view. At the head of the table, in the starched, stiff dress of that period, sat his mother, very much disconcerted and in tears;

while, with hands buried to the very ruffs in his embroidered waistcoat-pockets, impatiently chinking in either some keys or some pieces of money, his invariable wont when anything annoyed him, stood Sir Stamford; his bluff, hale countenance expressing as much wrath as could be contained beneath the neat little rows of white curls which, from his perriwig, graced his temples. The father did not immediately address the offending son, but, looking first at his leathers and heavy riding boots, as if for a moment meditating a kick on somebody, he continued to divide his angry glances between the culprit, the housekeeper, and the defunct gamecock, whose body had been borne into the room on a tray.

The instant Charles observed his mother in tears, he advanced and kissed her, while his father, motioning the gamecock's funeral from the room, seized a knife and fork, and, turning to a side table, lustily attacked a cold round of

beef. Breakfast passed in silence, and at its conclusion Charles was about to quit the parlour, when the old knight thus called him to return :

" Charles, come hither, boy, and sit down. You are to leave us to-morrow, and I would sooner give you some advice now, than put it off till the last moment: no, no ; as a man is better able to bear the melancholy duty of making a will when he is in full possession of health and spirits, than he is when oppressed by sickness and on the eve of death, so can I more reasonably speak my mind now, than at the moment when I am about to part with you. You have shot — damn the game-cock ! — I do not care for it otherwise than it provides me with an illustration which may regard some more serious act of your future life ; you have, in this instance, missed your mark, and let it be a timely warning to you, never to attempt to strike the guilty where, by

the misdirected or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant, and the good, *may* suffer. Never attempt to expose a villain if your efforts in so doing are likely to injure those who have been the unsuspecting dupes of his artifice. Never wager a larger sum than you carry in your pocket. Never shake hands with a man if you are not really glad to see him. Never forget, when you meet, to recognize your friends, and be even more careful to offer your salutation to those that are poor, or who may have been in any way distressed, whether in mind, purse, or prospects, than you are to your more affluent acquaintance; for rest assured that *they* will feel your neglect more acutely than either your equals or superiors — superiors I need not say, for a *gentleman ought* to have *none*, unless it be the family on the throne. Never run extravagantly into debt, for it is the bye-path which leads to moral destruction, and grows at last into the great high road to irremediable

ruin. Some parents would tell their sons never to run in danger, or engage wantonly in love-affairs." Here Lady Sandron, in anticipation of what *might* follow, rose and quitted the apartment.

Sir Stamford continued — "But, egad! I remember my own youthful days, and I am well aware that such advice is useless. Never quarrel, at least without a sufficient cause — a cause which you cannot overlook; but if it be necessary that you *do* take up a quarrel, then see that quarrel firmly to an end. When principal in an affair, be ever on the fighting side; when second, then cudgel your brains how, in strict honour, you can stay the effusion of blood. Be ever careful in whom you repose your honour, if a duel is in view; select your friend for his approved courage, his wisdom, and for his weight in society, and if you know not a man of this sort (they are rarely to be met with), in that case, come to me, and I will find a sword to

back your's. Seek not *such* dangers, but *never shun* them when *they seek you.* Never betray confidence of any kind, more particularly the confidence of a woman: never be boastful of her favours, but, at the risk of life, so far as in you lies, maintain her purity and honour.

"I was about to add, never drink; but I fear me it will be difficult for you, in some societies, to refrain; if you should find it so, and cool chairs and clean glasses are thrice called for. Nay, I know not whether it mayn't be better in such an extreme case to drink till you are dumb, than, as honest Will Shakspeare says, to let men 'put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' I could go on with the nevers for an hour yet, but I see you are anxious to depart; go, then, my boy, and take your father's blessing with you; you have never been out in the world; but a good horseman, a good swordsman, and a good shot — never mind the accursed affair of the gamecock — and a tall,

handsome, manly fellow, well schooled by my excellent and reverend friend, the Doctor Marmaduke, ought to make his way anywhere."

Charles had risen to depart, when his father once more arrested him with :

"Stay, boy, I conclude you are going to the Rectory."

Here the good old man threw a degree of solemnity into his voice and manner, which was very unusual.

"D'ye hear me, Charles! do not trifle with Louisa — she loves you; you have been, as it were, bred up together; she has no mother; and I would not have her first and best affection placed on any one who did not know how to value it."

At this last injunction Charles coloured to the eyes, when his heart being too full to find relief in words, he pressed his father's hand, and hastened from the room.

Shortly after this interview, Charles arrayed

his handsome figure with, if possible, more care than usual, mounted his horse, and set off at an easy canter down one of the stately avenues of trees which led to the residence of Doctor Marmaduke.

Behind him there rode a groom, whose portly figure did honour to the ale in the cellars of the ancient Hall. He bestrode a long-tailed black horse ; was accoutred in an ample frock, hunting-cap, powdered wig, and pig-tail, while he bore in his hand a large black, silver-clasped whip, resembling those in size and shape which are used in the present day for propelling pigs on the highway.

Having emerged from the park, the master and man arrived in sight of an old-fashioned and substantial house, where the young squire dismounted, and ordered his groom to return with the horses to their stables. The building before him was surrounded with a neatly-kept garden, containing many square-cut walks and

lawns, a wilderness, and a labyrinth of hornbeam, and raised its front directly opposite a venerable and ivy-covered church. Our hero struck into a bye-path, leading through an orchard or two, and was approaching the domicile; when, before he had proceeded far, a white doe came bounding down the close, and soon after there appeared a creature full as buoyant and graceful, but adding to the gifts of nature the more exalted perfections of the intellect. It was Louisa Marmaduke; on her face was written that purity of mind and body which is only to be found in those whose lives have passed in healthful seclusion, and in the fear and knowledge of their Creator; whose only anxiety spring from a desire to relieve the poor, and to assuage affliction; and whose single hope has been to fulfil each christian duty.

Late hours, false lights, faint perfumes, and constant dissipation, had neither dimmed her lustrous eyes, paled her cheek, or perverted the

laughing expression of her lips; her beautifully rounded form had not faded beneath an over-heated and oppressed atmosphere, or been forced out of proportion by the distorting ligatures of Fashion; but, like the deer which bounded before her, she tripped along the path in all natural and graceful perfection; in full freedom from every restraint, save that of maidenly propriety, and in absolute possession of those inestimable but too fleeting gifts — youth, health, innocence, and beauty.

The light coif which she had placed on her head to protect her from the air flew off as she playfully advanced to meet Charles, when her rich auburn tresses, shadowed occasionally with a touch of gold as the sun caught the luxuriant curls, streaming back, disclosed a countenance beaming with all that could add a fascination to the most regular features. She ceased not in the speed of her approach till she had taken Charles's proffered hand; and then, being aware

that this might be his last visit ere he left her on his journey to London, she led him, according to her mode of expressing it, to take leave of his country friends and favourites. Doves, poultry, Jujube and Fairy—a favourite horse and spaniel —were all, in their turn, visited ; and Charles and Louisa at last found themselves seated in a summer-house, in training the shrubs and flowers around which he had often assisted.

"Well, Charles," she said, "you will write me word all that happens to you, and tell me of the new acquaintances you make, who they are, and how you like them; and when you return, I hope you will bring some of them to see me. Mind, tell me *all* about them ; I shall never tire of your letters ; your friends shall still be my friends, although I have never seen them; and in the beautiful words of Ruth will I say, 'Where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, and where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.' How

happy and amused you will be by all you see and hear, after the quiet scenes and homely people in which, and with whom, it has been your lot, as well as mine, so long to dwell! I wonder if you will meet with any one you like better than —— those you have been accustomed to!"

As she said this there was a pause, a blush, and a slight cadence in her voice, which, however, was not of a moment's duration, and she resumed her usual tone and manner. Too innocent herself to entertain a serious idea of the seduction the world ever places at the feet of the handsome, the youthful, and the rich, or of the dangerous and fascinating ordeal through which Charles was about to pass, she, when the momentary cloud, induced by the thought of separation from one so intimately known, had vanished, felt as excited and as happy as he did, at the thought of his approaching journey. The vivid imaginings of the mind of both crowded too fast

upon each other to permit the palette of the brain to receive a sober colour; and the small still voice of Reason was lost amidst exalted and fervent anticipation.

"Well, dear Louisa," responded Charles, "and when I return, will you be as happy to receive me as you have ever been, and will you take the same interest in my favourites, my hounds, my horses, and all my pets, as you do now?"

"No; I will beat them all till you come back again."

As she said this, an old favourite park or deer dog came into the summer-house, and, with the freedom of a licensed favourite, laid his long sharp muzzle on her lap; she stooped her head till the animal's crest was enveloped in her glossy hair, and when she looked up again her eyes were filled with tears. Charles observed it, and, ere she could help herself, one arm encircled her waist, and he had kissed every vestige of a tear away. It was the first time he had ventured

a caress of any sort since they had been absolute children; they had lived together for years, and had felt like a brother and sister; but now, at the moment of parting, and through this one caress, there seemed to be open before them a field of affection, as sweet as it was novel: in short, as often *has* happened, as often happens, and as often *will* happen, at the moment the lovers were about to part, they, for the first time, became aware of the true situation of their hearts. At this juncture a footstep was heard approaching; and her father came in sight.

Doctor Marmaduke was far down in the vale of years, yet, as we often see the last fine day in autumn, though about to be closely followed by all the rigours of winter, remind us of—or, for a space, even make us forget the beautiful weather we have for ever lost — the precise and venerable appearance and mild expression of this good man banished the reflection that his earthly career was well nigh sped. In his

gait he was as straight and unhesitating as the path which he had pursued through life. Erect as a dart, clean, neat, and scrupulously sedulous in his clerical appearance, his dress became him as a man and as a minister, while his striking features expressed neither the intolerant bigotry too often maintained by the dignitaries of the high church party of that day, nor a pompous pride in his own situation.

Liberally inclined in his political and religious principles, he was looked upon as a man likely to be advanced to the first vacant see in the power of the Whigs to bestow. His life had been spent in doing good; and, in the earlier part of his existence, in essaying to become that which so many of the protestant clergy are but too apt to forget—a good *parish* priest. He not only preached, but he practised, and in his doctrines he studied to lay down such rules as he knew to be in the power of man to follow.

By example, and by suiting his discourse to

his audience, did this really useful divine endeavour to lead his flock by gradual and easy steps to that goal at which he wished them to arrive. Never setting his face against innocent recreation, he endeavoured to impress upon his hearers that the way to God was one of natural pursuit and cheerful emulation, rather than a thorny and difficult path of miserable existence and privation ; thus did he in many instances lead on and calmly cultivate many a stubborn mind, which otherwise, from its natural obstinacy, might have rebelled against the sharper restriction, and been hardened and debased for ever.

He was an excellent scholar, as, indeed, who would not have been, who had received the advantages that he had in his younger day, of studying under the great author of Paradise Lost ; when Milton, on his return from his travels, resided in Aldgersgate Street in London, and employed his time in the superintendence

of a limited number of pupils. He was one, also, of the very few who then regarded osteology and the study of the fossil remains of the antediluvian world as a science well worthy the pursuit of man, and calculated to throw an awful though a distinct light on the vast and mysterious secrets enclosed in the caverned and rocky bosom of the earth.

Louisa rose when she beheld her father, and, throwing herself into his arms, burst into tears. The three were soon again seated; when, like the momentary showers attendant on the time of year, Louisa's grief quickly passed away, and she even smiled that she had wept. At a glance the meaning of the scene had been read by her father, and, taking a hand of each, he seated himself between them.

"Charles," he said, "I am happy in this opportunity of addressing you; I feel for you as a father, for your mind has been taught by me, in the limited manner which my own attain-

ments permitted, and you have been bred up with my only daughter, who, I feel assured, loves you as she would a brother. You are now about to seek your fortunes in the world; by that I do not mean that you are in pursuit of wealth, for you have sufficient, and you are heir to the noble domains of the Hall; but you are on the eve of carving for yourself a place in the estimation of your fellow-creatures, an honourable distinction or otherwise in the mind of man. Your station in society and your abilities fit you for the highest situations in the state; may you never disgrace the one, or neglect the other! That you will not do so I am confident. I have long desired to see you the representative in parliament of this county; and, if ever that happy day arrives, I hope you will remember my doctrines sufficiently to assert that neither the christian religion, nor natural religion, nor any thing else that ought to be called religion, can subsist under tyrannical governments.

"In your advocacy of the Whig interest, and of the desires of the low church party, you will find many, if not most, of the powerful families against you, and a degree of acerbity in the Protestant high church leaders, which I would not have you adopt against them; for though he who strikes with a sharp weapon with the like may be equally assailed, yet, where the interests of the church are at stake, I would have the controversy carried on, not unmindful of the commandment: — 'that ye love one another.' God is raised far above the reach of our kindness, our malice, or our flattery; he derives infinite happiness from his own infinite perfections; nor can any frail power or action of our's lessen or improve it. Religion, therefore, from which *he* can reap no advantage, was instituted by *him* for the sake of mankind, as the best means and strongest motive to their own and mutual happiness; and by it men are taught and animated to be useful, assisting, forgiving, kind

and merciful one to another. But to hurt, calumniate, or hate one another *for his sake*, and in defence of *any* religion, is a flat contradiction to *his* religion, and an open defiance of its Author: and to quarrel about belief and opinions conscientiously adopted and maintained, because we think they do not lead to practical virtues and social duties, is equally wicked and absurd. It is to be wicked in behalf of righteousness, and to be cruel out of piety. A religion which begets selfishness and partiality only to a few, and its own followers, and which inspires hatred and outrage towards all the rest of the world, can never be the religion of the merciful and impartial maker and judge of mankind.

"I have never loved my good and excellent friend William Penn the less, because he approached his God by a different but equally conscientious path from myself, nor do I think less righteously of him; indeed, if you should ever want the advice of an old head on most sub-

jects, to him would I recommend you to apply.

"My dear Charles, uphold the Protestant church with a firm yet a liberal hand, and, where you think it wrongfully approached, lose your right arm rather than let its constitutional strength be shaken; yet, in doing this, take care that your zeal does not convert your religion into a deadly and unnatural engine, to increase and defend that pride and power which christianity abhors. Freedom has done more *for* the Protestant religion, than freedom will ever do against it. Look at the good effected by the Reformation; all the great free states, except Poland, and most of the small free states, became Protestants. Thus the English, Scotch, and Dutch, the Bohemians, Sweden and Denmark, the greatest part of Switzerland, with Geneva, and all the Hans towns which were not awed by the Emperor, threw off the popish yoke. No one will deny but that in

King James's time we owed the preservation of our religion to our liberties, which both our clergy and people almost unanimously concurred to defend, with a resolution and boldness worthy of Briton's and free men. As the cause and blessings of liberty are still better understood, its spirit and interest will daily increase.

"Look at the situation of the good Doctor Burnet;* there was a triumph to turn the dissolute Rochester into a sincere penitent, and to convert him to christianity; look at his endeavours to promote the legal toleration of dissenters; and, though an enemy to pluralities, his strenuous efforts to benefit the condition of the poorer clergy. I grant that he is too much of a bigot, and inclined to inveigh with too much asperity against popery; still, he had the respect of the people, and I know him now to be one who esteems religion as the balm of life, and the sure passport to a happy immortality.

* Bishop of Salisbury.

"I fear, my dear boy, I have been irksome to you, but I should not have been satisfied unless I had expressed myself thus fully; I am an old man, and God only knows if we may ever meet again. But, come, the air is chill, let us adjourn to the rectory."

In the house as well as in the grounds the same neat and clerical appearance prevailed; in a double sense, 'his house was always in order,' and in the excessive neatness of Louisa's boudoir might be seen the mirror of her mind; every thing was tastefully arranged, beautifully selected, and thoroughly feminine, and, while music, drawing, and ornamental needlework were obviously favourite recreations, there were work-boxes, and a more homely work-basket, which contained evidences that useful and beneficial applications were not neglected.

We will now pass over the remainder of the day, until the great bell at the Hall was ringing for supper. In the eating parlour of that an-

cient edifice, and in the same dress he wore in the morning, stood, or rather fidgeted, Sir Stamford, and sat Lady Sandron; the latter endeavouring goodnaturedly to beguile her husband of his impatience, and to do away with every angry sign, as was her wont on all such occasions. Sir Stamford continued to walk up and down the room to the tune his boots were playing; they seemed absolutely to share the wearer's impatience, and to creek more loudly than ever, while his hands, as usual, were playing a sort of chinking accompaniment with the contents of his waistcoat-pocket.

"Where *is* the boy?" he exclaimed; "I hate to be kept waiting!"

"He will come directly, dear; he is always punctual," replied her ladyship.

"Tut—tut — my lady — he is ever late; the last time we hunted, the lad was not out of bed till six, and we had fourteen miles to ride to cover, hounds thrown in at eight. I cannot eat if I expect a person every moment."

We will now fly back to the orchard at the rectory. Beneath the trees, their hands clasped together, stood Charles and Louisa; he had been, and was still, speaking of love.

"God bless you, then, Louisa!" he continued; "believe me I shall never love another; you shall always be my dearest, as you have been my first love, and I will constantly write to prove that you are never for a moment forgotten. The lock of hair which you have given me, and which I will retain nearest to my heart, shall be kissed every day a thousand times. Bless you, sweet love!—adieu!"

At last he tore himself away, the orchard was crossed in a moment, and the ladder-stile cleared almost in a bound; the deer in the park were scared by his hasty passage, and nothing brought him up but the ample waistcoat of the old grey-haired butler, who was peering from the door in search of the very person who was doomed so nearly to throw him down. Leaving the butler

to his fate, Charles passed on, when, having threaded a row of liveried and well-powdered domestics, from the under-butler to the coachman and postilions, who were all drawn up in the Hall in battle-array, and who would not move till the young squire had arrived, he presented himself to his anxious parents. The rage of his father evaporated in an explosive "Pshaw!" and they seriously sat down to supper, where—as it is a most excellent way of concluding either a day or a chapter—we will for the present leave them.

CHAPTER II.

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun;
Who simple truth with nine-fold reasons back,
And guard the point no enemies attack.

CRABBE.

On the following morning Charles Sandron arose with the sun, it being his determination to be in London early that afternoon. Breakfast finished, and with a letter of introduction to Lord Orford in his pocket, amidst the adieus of his father, mother, housekeeper, butler, and other innumerable household functionaries, he mounted his horse, having determined to ride the distance, rather than be jolted throughout, in what he

irreverently was pleased to term the family-barn. You see him, then, reader, pacing down the avenue leading towards the London road, not on a skittish, thin-legged, thorough-bred, hack, but on a good, substantial, high-crested, round-quartered, round-barrelled, short-legged, hunterlike-looking horse, possessing a tail of full dimensions, though at that moment tied up in a huge knot, the better to keep it from the mud. Behind him, mounted on a taller horse, and one more fitted for the purposes of draft, sat John Hardcastle, the same portly groom we have before described, poising his long black whip like a colour-staff proudly on his thigh, and bearing in his face the importance of his trust, for he was to look after his young master, as well as overlook the stable. He could have ridden down fifty of the lackeys, and have buttoned up in his waistcoat a hundred of the half-starved stinted cubs who cling to the cabs of the present day.

As they passed through the little village, its

whole population, save those who were at work in the fields, turned out to see the young squire ride to London, and many were the "God bless ye, sirs!" of the old people as they took leave of him where he entered on the great high road. More than once Charles turned his head to look at the high elm-tree which towered above the rest, and which he knew had its root in the rectory garden; nor did he cease from such occasional occupation till the prancing of his horse on the turf of Maidenhead Thicket made it necessary for him to regard more immediate matters. He had not proceeded far when the sound of a horse's foot advancing at a considerable pace met his ear, and he soon after beheld a stranger emerge from some thick trees, and ride straight towards him, as though their business led in the same direction.

"Good morrow to ye," said the new comer, "I am fortunate in meeting with a gentleman who appears to be journeying towards Hounslow."

"I am equally fortunate," replied our hero, pleased with the stranger's off-hand and careless manner; "for I have a long ride before me, terminating in a place whither I have never yet been for many days together; and one, like yourself, who probably knows the local better than I do, would be able to confer both benefit and pleasure by giving me his society. I am bound for the great city."

"Ha—to London—that emporium of all that is delightful, and you have *never been there before?* But," continued the stranger, interrupting himself; "we know each other not yet—whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"Charles Sandron, of Sandron Hall, at your service."

"Upon my life, a lucky meeting," said the stranger, evidently pleased with the information, "and that I may be known to you, I beg to tell you that I rejoice in the name of Surface, Simon Surface, at your service."

We will now describe Master Surface's appearance.

In age, he might be thirty or more, with a countenance which, though decidedly good-looking, betrayed in its pale cheek and bloodshot eye an intimate acquaintance with late hours and various excesses; his voice was deep and mellow, but occasionally touched with the Scottish accent. Of the middle stature, and inclined to be clumsily made, there was still a rakish ease and elegance about him, with a total absence of an approach to diffidence, which proved that he had not lived all his life in country places, while the manner of his address bespoke him conversant, at least, with good breeding. His garments were well made, but, to use an expressive term, a little too flashy in their appearance; it was evident that he set some store by fashion, while, to a degree, either from an error in judgment, or from intention, he surpassed its eccentricities.

"And you are journeying for the first time to London, my very good sir," said Master Surface, "well stored with cash and good advice, both excellent things in their way, and, like a pair of good coach-horses, equally fast in their paces; though the one *is* apt to work more than the other. To what coffee-house or tavern have you despatched your things?"

"To the Hercules' Pillars,* kept by an old dependant of my family," replied Sandron.

"The Hercules' Pillars! What in Heaven's name made you choose such a suburban domicile as that? Why you will have an augean task before you, like the grim hero who gives the inn his name, if you intend to walk backwards and forwards every day to the realms of civilized society: out upon it, man! the old fellow who keeps it will be in constant communication with your very worthy parents, and will send them a particular and exact account of every light o' love

* Situated about where Apsley House now stands.

you have. It will not do, depend on't; you shall, however, judge for yourself, it being my duty, as your sworn ally, to submit divers places of entertainment for your selection."

"I shall be very much obliged to you for your advice and assistance, though my father has given me a letter of introduction to Lord Orford."

"To Orford," said Master Surface, musing for a moment; "a very proper man; but one too much engaged in his own affairs, in the politics of the day, and in providing for his defence against the impeachment of the Commons, to be of much service to your pleasure. Take my advice; before you present that letter to his lordship, see a little of the amusements in town, and learn some of its peculiarities; he will value your acquaintance the more if you rub off the rawness of the country. By my life! so does my heart yearn towards you, I feel much inclined to dub myself your private tutor. Lo! see yonder blue smoke, curling up from that

brake of furze and hawthorn! 'tis the camp of a cunning gipsy, and therein will I prove to you that even in the country, and under your very nose, there exists more than is dreamed of in 'thy philosophy.' We will look into yonder tent. What, ho! Sir Squire, I know not your fellow's name, take charge of our horses, and tarry here till our return."

So saying, our travellers dismounted, and proceeded to the weather-beaten encampment.

In a little dell, sheltered from the winds on either side by the bushes and inequality of the ground, were placed two tents; while between them, at the foot of each, suspended on a stick above a considerable fire, boiled a capacious kettle. The entrance to one of the tents was secured by an old red cloak, while from the other protruded the naked legs of a man.

"What, ho, here!" exclaimed Master Surface, advancing to the latter; "what! art asleep with the kettle boiling! I'll bet a mag* there

* A farthing, in the slang of the day.

are some of Sir Stamford's pheasants in it, and thou hast been up all night to catch them ; let's see ;" he continued fishing at the same time with his whip in the boiling liquor, and enumerating the ingredients as they rose to the surface ; " the head of a cock, the leg of a goose—" What other information the kettle might have afforded was here put an end to by the lad with the naked legs, who, starting up, thrust the whip back, while Surface accosted him thus :

" Where is Smith, thou varlet ?"

" Smith !" echoed the young gipsy, grinning in some amazement ; " he's left us."

" He has done no such thing," replied his interrogator ; " he is in yonder tent, and I must see him." Saying this, he advanced, and was about to lift the cloak from the entrance, when the sturdy gipsy once more interposed his muscular frame.

" Fool ! what a suspicious bonnet* thou art ; *are there any stars in the moon ?"*

* An accomplice.

At this extraordinary question, the young gipsy made a grimace of acknowledgment and obedience, and, putting his mouth to the entrance of the closed tent, he addressed its inmate in his, to those who stood by, unintelligible jargon. A female voice was heard in reply, and the owner of it, shortly afterwards making her appearance, riveted at once the interest and admiration of our hero. From the tent, wretched, squalid, as it was in external appearance, crept forth a girl of surpassing beauty.

In years she had scarcely reached the prime of life, yet her figure was in full perfection—nothing could be more lovely; her hair, which, from the hasty summons she had received, was hanging down her back, was so long as to reach nearly to the ground, while her large black eyes rolled and sparkled beneath a jetty fringe, which in vain endeavoured to conceal their fire. The tint on her cheek might be compared to the

bloom on the russet apple, and it seemed as if the rich crimson hue which mantled beneath the skin was enhanced rather than impaired by the wholesome brown shadow which tempered its brighter colour.

"Good morrow, my lord!" she exclaimed, as she came smiling up, and disclosing a brilliant set of teeth; "does this good gentleman wish his fortune told?—here are the broads," holding in her hand some cards; "let him cross *my* palm with a bit of silver, and from *his* will I read his future destiny; he is born to be lucky, and there's a fair young lady, and one that is neither dark nor fair, who—"

"Peace, Corah!" interrupted Master Surface; "none of this nonsense; the gentleman's fortune is made already, as your's would be but for your own folly. I came but to shew my friend your beauty, and to ask him if he did not agree with me, that it was a thousand pities your charms should be thrown away on a man

who does not know how to value them. Where is Smith ?"

" He is at the fair, my lord ; do you wish him to be sent for ?''

" No, Corah, no ; I came but to see you," replied Surface ; when, taking her by the arm, he led her some steps from the spot where their companions were standing, yet not so far but that Sandron could catch the burthen of their conversation.

" Well, Corah," said Surface, " have you thoroughly reflected on my offer ; and will you leave your husband, come to London with me, and be made a lady of, ride in your coach, and have servants to attend you ?"

She shook her head.

" A handsome house," the tempter continued, " instead of that ragged tent, a dozen necklaces of precious stones instead of those strings of black and red berries around your pretty neck, with linen as white as driven snow : how much

more lovely you would look in such array! Come, Corah, leave the coarse wretch with whom you are at present mated, and who seems to have enslaved your better reason, who beats you, too, on the slightest provocation, and come and associate with one who understands and can appreciate your merit."

The only part of this address which seemed to have the slightest effect upon her to whom it was delivered was the allusion made to the blows; for a moment, perhaps, a slight struggle with her resolution was manifest, but it passed away, and she replied in a firm, yet respectful voice, "Never."

"Well, then, Corah," he rejoined, "promise me still to pause on the offers I have made; weigh them well in your mind, and reflect on the usage you now receive, on your wandering and degraded condition, and, when you wish to better your situation, you have only to fly at once to me."

"No, my lord, no," she cried, motioning with her hand as if she flung the temptation from her; "I will not even think of your proposal; the gipsy may wander, the gipsy may steal, as you term it, and sleep in her ragged tent; her state in life may appear degraded; but while her heart is pure and the stars propitious, while her affection, misplaced though it may be, is unsullied by deceit (she thinks it no crime to follow the life of her forefathers, and to take the birds and beasts, which she believes were intended for all alike); there is happiness for her even on the lonely common. The song of birds, the murmurs of the brook, the sighs of the sweet wild wind, are her music; while the flowers and the foliage, the hill and the valley, are her pleasant pictures; they are not dependant on the caprice of man or on the folly of fashion. If the gipsy's heart is glad, and it cannot be so if she is dishonest to her mate, there is happiness, and sufficient to content her on the face and in the bounties of creation."

As she thus spoke, there was a dignity in her manner, and an elegance and facility of expression in her language, which, though Master Surface put himself into a theatrical attitude of raillery, did not fail to strike Sandron.

"Well done, Corah," exclaimed the former; "faith you must have been studying in some of the shows at the fair, or have been at a field-preaching, to have learned such a lofty strain. Still *you must have money;* gold is as pleasant to your hand as it is to the grasp of a well-housed sinner."

"True, my lord; and for it, Smith, as well as myself, have often done your bidding; ay, when, in one instance, my conscience and your command were at variance. But, gipsy as I am, struck by the hand of the man who should protect me; scorned, reviled, driven from place to place; at times, denied by my fellow-creatures the shelter of a bush; you cannot move me from the Gipsy-law, or win me to your way with gold.

Here, Jem," she cried, addressing the lad, and tying up her long black hair at the same time, " take off the kettle and we will break our fast."

This was said evidently with the sole view of ending the conversation; and Surface, turning on his heel in an angry and disappointed manner, beckoned our hero to follow him; and they proceeded to their horses.

The interview we have thus recounted made some impression on Charles Sandron; and, in the first place, he felt an inclination to condemn the conduct of his companion, but, like many other better emotions of the youthful breast, the inclination lasted but for a brief season.

It is wonderful how good intentions fail, when bared as a butt for the pointed shafts of ridicule, how they vanish when opposed by bad example. Many a young man in the onset of life hears and sees things which, in his heart, he censures and condemns; but with which, after a time, he becomes familiar.

The *first* impropriety committed is ever attended with painful regret; but it is astonishing to see how soon the mind becomes deaf to the reasonings of virtue. Thus, in some measure, was it with the hero of the present tale; had he followed the dictates of his conscience, and at once and openly condemned the overtures made by his companion to the gipsy, and have shaken off his new acquaintance at the first moment of dislike, he might, for a time at least, have held at arm's length the contamination of the age in which he lived. Instead of this, he now regarded Master Surface as a gallant of the fashion of the day, and as an example for a young man of spirit to follow. He admired his manners, and a certain reckless air of libertinism, which sat gracefully upon him, while, at the same time, he shrank from his ridicule. Thus our hero had not travelled many miles from home, when there had been made upon him a new and dangerous impression.

CHAPTER III.

But the Green-Man shall I pass by unsung,
Which mine own James upon his sign-post hung?
His sign, his image—for he once was seen
A squire's attendant, clad in keeper's green;
Ere yet with wages more, and honour less,
He stood behind me in a graver dress.

CRABBE.

CHARLES SANDRON and Master Surface had mounted their horses and proceeded some way in the direction of Maidenhead ere either of them broke silence; the latter at length exclaimed:

"By my soul, that girl is an extraordinary creature, and how she could be persuaded to link her fortunes to those of a half gipsy and whole rogue to me is incomprehensible, the more so, as in the earliest years of her life she was

by an old lady purchased from her tribe, and educated: impatient of restraint, however, she fled from the rod, and returned to her tent on the first opportunity."

"She is beautiful," replied his companion; "but, by the by, you have a new title, she dubbed you lord; wherefore did she so?"

Had Charles Sandron possessed that quickness of eye and shrewd comprehension of manner which nothing but constant communion with man and observation of woman can bestow, he might have perceived that even the well-tutored countenance of his friend was for an instant marked by some strong emotion, as, with an affected carelessness, he replied:

"Faith, she always dubs me lord, because she pretends to read my destiny in the stars, and that one day or other a coronet will grace my brows;" then, changing his subject, he continued—"We shall arrive in town at a bustling time. Men are now trimming their sails to catch

the breeze which blows from a new quarter of the heavens: the queen is the word in the mouth of every man, whether he loves her or not, and the world is vexed with exultation and dismay. The Dutch are ready to curtail the width of their garments through sheer consternation; France rejoices like mad; while exulting Rome, forgetful of all stateliness and decorum, so scandalizes Cardinal Grimani as to send him horror-struck to remonstrate with the Pope. The Whigs in England affect to be pleased, and laugh that they may not cry, while our queen gives to their opponents, the Tories, an undoubted preference. It will not do for you, my good sir, to stalk through the saloons in London big with your family principles, if you expect to catch a smile at court: no, no; rather take an example from the fashion of the times, filch a feather from the tail of the twin stars of the political hemisphere, as Corah would call them, and let the member for Wotton Bassett*,

* St. John.

and his friend Harley, set you a safe example."

"What! are you, with all your predilection for gipsies and knowledge of their slang, conversant with state affairs?" asked Sandron, amused and surprised with the volubility of his friend on such a subject. "Now I should have guessed you to have been one who made pleasure his sole object of pursuit."

"And you would have guessed me rightly," said his companion; "but learn this, my very good friend, to obtain pleasure men are oftentimes obliged to do unpleasant things; for instance, to gain the affections of a woman it is frequently necessary to be a hero in capacities foreign to one's nature. Some ladies love their cavalier to be sentimental, full of soft sonnets, moonlight melancholy, and Arcadian reveries, while others delight to paint him, seated on the summit of abstruse literature, sailing in command on the stormy sea, or ruling midst the

clash of swords, or the roar of cannon; all like the lord of their affections to be distinguished in some *public* capacity. Love is gregarious; if a man has the character of a garçon de bonne fortune, women will love him simply because he has been beloved; if you wish, therefore, to be high in favour of the dames, make yourself singular. Believe me, I know as much of the court as I do of the gipsy's camp; give me but an object, and to obtain it I will work through fire and water. Gods!" he exclaimed, striking his spurs into his steed, and forcing him to bound forward as if to clear some wide obstacle in his way, "life would be a blank without excitement, and not worth the purchase of a single hour. The very time in which we live is an era of excitement, and what signifies it whether the spirits of men are stirred to action by one reason or the other—the beauty of the lion lies not in his slumber, but in his wrath. Tournaments and imprisoned damsels have all passed by; po-

litical mania is the order of the day, and successful intrigue the solace of the statesman's life."

"I have lived in the country," replied Sandron, "and of course am not a judge of such a state of things; indeed my father never told me to expect to find society so situated."

"Nor could he have done so, because, having lived detached from active life so long, his information has not kept pace with his existence," said Surface; "at the present time, party-feeling and political hatred run so high that the defeat of a ministry is followed by the impeachment of its members. The Tories have a majority, and their insolence has no bounds; Portland, Somers, Orford, and Halifax, are coming in for their share of persecution; and the Tory faction are endeavouring to teach the people to forget the decided conduct of the Whigs in the late reign, at a time when their decision alone could have saved the country."

"And why is our gracious queen, whose manners I am told are so amiable and popular, and whose disposition is so kind, why is she so decidedly averse to a liberal government?"

"It is thus," replied Surface: "she has been taught to look upon the Whigs as a party holding and promulgating tenets utterly at variance with monarchy, subversive of the church, and destructive to the Protestant religion; these are her *public* grounds for disliking them: *privately* she is moved against them because they opposed the settlement upon her of a revenue suited to the expectations she entertained. During the time that the Whigs were thus in opposition to her wishes, the Tories were strenuously befriending her, not from any great attachment to her person, but simply because, in espousing that side of the question, they gratified their feelings of hostility towards William."

"Is the queen likely to continue her countenance to the high church party, then, in

defiance of the wishes of her people?" asked Sandron.

"Why, if you demand my opinion," replied his companion, "I think a Tory government cannot last, although they threaten to make a majority in the upper house sure by the creation of four new peers ;* besides this, as the constant dropping of water will in time make an impression on the hardest rock, so may the counsels and unceasing assiduity of Lady Marlborough, who, in opposition to her husband, is the stanchest friend the Liberals have, induce the queen to alter her politics : the royal inclination and affection to that favourite must be immeasurably strong, or the party wisdom of the Tories would have removed her long ago. But, come, we have had enough of state affairs, and of a verity we are approaching that excellent hostelry of Colnbrook, known by the name of the Green

* These were afterwards selected from the most violent speakers and partizans in the lower house.

Man, where, I understand me, you have a relay of horses ; a little refreshment would do us no harm ; let us enter, then, eat, drink, and share the humours of an inn." Saying this he jumped from his horse, and, followed by Sandron, entered the parlour.

While they were doing justice to the viands placed before them, the conclusion of a chorus of rough voices from the public room or tap reached their ears. " Bravo, bravo, bravo !" shouted several voices. " Come, Widow Wilson, fetch us more drink, and see that the lip of thy chaste pitcher dallies not with the wave of the Coln."

This was evidently said by no rustic boor, and, as if by common consent, Surface and Sandron rose and repaired to the public room whence the voice proceeded. Seated at a table were several persons, among them a respectable-looking man in the undress of a soldier, and by his side a handsome-looking woman, who, from her

manner and method of speech, seemed to have seen better days. The only other persons worthy of remark were a young man about twenty years of age, who, from his genteel appearance and manners, had evidently joined the party more for amusement than anything else, and an athletic, ill-looking, though well-formed person, who seemed to be half gipsy and whole housebreaker. This respectable personage was holding a ballad in his hand, which he was about to read for the benefit of the company, and which seemed to be an elegy on a chimney-sweeper who had lately suffered at Tyburn for his crimes. It run as follows :

At last thy roguish reign is ended,
And thou deservedly suspended :
Where art thou now, thou reprobate,
Who jested at a future state,
And said the place the devils kept
Was sooty, wanted to be swept?
And they consulting did agree
To send express away for thee :
And so thou'rt gone the Tyburn road,
The nearest way to their abode.

But yet 'tis thought that there are store
Of thy sly trade gone there before;
Witness the bacon, beef, and tongue,
Which in the chimnies reeking hung,
Till by thy tribe were swept away,
For which they now severely pay.
Methinks I see the sulph'rous shore,
Where clouds of thieves sent there before
The welcome give with dismal roar.
Did'st think the fiends there would be civil,
Because they're known to love what's evil?
Make but thy outside like appear,
Thy intellects already are:
So put thy sweeping garments on,
'Twill make each devil think thee one;
Or cause this proverb after all,
Ha! like to like, says the Devil to Hall.
If every rogue throughout the nation
Should die, like Hall, by suffocation,
Some now in coaches would in carts
At Triple-Tree receive deserts;
Lawyers, physicians, courtiers, jaolers,
Would march in troops, and *all* the tailors.

The reader had only proceeded thus far when the woman, fixing her eyes on Master Surface, uttering a shriek, fainted, or affected to faint, away. At the moment on which their glances

met, Surface himself seemed to recognize a disagreeable acquaintance, for he endeavoured to twitch his black riding-wig more over his brows, and to turn as if for the purpose of quitting the room. However, now that he had been recognized, he seemed as anxious not to lose sight of the female, and he therefore busied himself in assisting in her resuscitation.

With the permission of the landlady the woman was removed by her husband, the man in the undress of a soldier, to a private apartment, and thither Surface followed, our hero remaining in the public room.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the well-dressed young man, addressing himself to Sandron, "your friend and the lady seem to have seen each other before."

"An old pal," grunted the gipsy-looking personage; "his lordship is better known than he cares to be."

"His lordship!" said Sandron artfully; "I

have known my friend some time, but I cannot at this moment remember his title; how do you call it?"

The well-dressed young man and the gipsy exchanged looks, when the latter replied, "Why you did not think he *was* a lord, did you? well, that would have been a go! 'Lord,' sir, is a good travelling name, it brews good liquor, furnishes chambers, quickens tapsters, and makes surly folks civil: bless your eyes, I only called him a lord to please our hostess!"

"Smith," cried a voice from the adjoining chamber, which our hero knew to be that of his newly-made friend. The gipsy rose, and after an absence of a few seconds returned, and, telling Sandron that Master Surface was waiting for him in the parlour to which they had been in the first place admitted, our hero, not much liking his present companions, joined him immediately.

"Well," exclaimed Surface, as Sandron en-

tered the room, "here is an unfortunate contretemps; who the devil ever thought of meeting Mistress Hayes in these parts?"

"And who is Mistress Hayes?"

"She is, or rather was, an uncommonly pretty woman, whom I met with at Great Ombersley in Worcestershire; after that she went to service with a farmer in Warwickshire, whose son it seems she has contrived to marry: he enlisted as a soldier, but has since obtained his discharge, and they are now on their way to settle in London. It is unlucky, but, my dear friend, such things will happen to thoughtless fellows like ourselves; having recognized me, she threatens wild disclosures as to the follies of bygone days, unless I let her have some money; my purse at the moment is low—prithee lend me a few gold pieces till we arrive in town?"

Sandron at once complied with the request, and Surface quitted the room. Many minutes had not intervened when he returned, and,

having announced that the horses were ready, they once more proceeded on their journey.

At a short distance from Colnbrook they overtook the ill-looking gipsy, Smith, whom Surface now pointed out as the husband of the beautiful girl they had seen on Maidenhead Thicket; and, shortly afterwards, they in their turn were overtaken and joined by the well-dressed young man they had left at the inn, now followed by a servant whom he frequently and familiarly addressed by the name of Jack.

"Well, Master Butler," exclaimed Surface, "what good deed are you about now; — any pigeons to pluck, or fawns to be run down, that you and Jack are acting master and man?"

"No," replied the one so addressed, looking, at the same time, both angry and discontented; "I have no pigeons in view, but there is a neighbour of mine who is very busy with a Berkshire calf."

Sandron, at the moment, was riding a few

paces in advance, too far from the speakers to hear distinctly what was said. Surface now addressed him—

"Sandron, I pray your attention—you wish, doubtless, to be in the best society—let me introduce the worshipful Master Butler, famed, far and near, for his liberal principles, his inclination to the appropriation of church property and other persons' purses. Nay, be not angry, Master Butler; hear me out—to the general good and the benefit of mankind."

During this introduction, Master Butler laid his hand on his sword, and made many angry signs, but Surface heeded them not; and, when he ceased speaking, the former had recovered his good humour. The conversation now turned on the merits of their respective horses, and they proceeded leisurely along till they were passed by another equestrian, who looked like a travelling merchant; the latter personage taking a turn to the right, leading over the Heath, in the

direction of Hampton Court, had not left them five minutes, when Master Butler, making a sign to his servant, turned his horse across the open ground and departed in the same direction.

He had scarce turned his back, when Surface remarked to Sandron thus :— " If that honest traveller who passed us just now wishes to arrive at the end of his journey as rich as he was when he commenced it, he will not let Butler come up with him."

" How !" exclaimed Sandron — " you do not mean to say that the gentleman who has just left us will take a purse?—you could not have known it when you spoke to him and introduced him to me ; but, if you think that he will do so, let us after him and bring him to justice."

" Nay, nay," said Surface, " you mistake me. I do not exactly mean that he will stop this man, though he is even suspected of having done such things ; but there are other ways of easing the incautious of their loose cash. Butler is a keen

hand, and, if he does not cheat the unwary or take purses, he must have made a compact with the evil one, for his pockets are always full of money."

"Well, then," replied Sandron, "I am glad you have put me on my guard; for a more gentlemanly-looking, open-browed, young man I never saw: but, by my soul, I will have none of his society."

"Nonsense, my good friend, you take these things too seriously," rejoined Surface; "if one was to bring to justice or to refuse the society of all rogues, we should have more fighting and less amusement than would render life agreeable; in the best societies are tolerated knaves, who pander to the superiors of fashion, and a useful villain of this description often gets the entrée of leading houses denied to the noble and highborn gentleman."

"Then," replied Sandron, "I would sooner live in retirement all my life, than be the wel-

come guest of those who can either need or enjoy services of that description."

"Well, well, you shall choose for yourself, most rigid moralist; but, in the mean time, we are fast approaching the little city."

They had passed Hammersmith some distance, and the houses on either side of the road were again becoming of more frequent occurrence, when in a little time they arrived at the Hercules' Pillars, where, having taken apartments only till they could procure others, they proceeded to dine and pass the earlier hours of the afternoon.

CHAPTER IV.

Where sacred order, fraud, and force confound;
Where impious wars and tumults rage around.

It was nearly eight o'clock, when Surface proposed to Sandron to send for a coach, in order, as he said, that they might see some of the secrets of the town. "It is too late," he continued, "to go to either of the theatres,* or any place of public amusement, but we will proceed to Lockett's — learn if there are any merry fellows there — taste his wine — and sally forth into the streets, where it is odds but we meet with an adventure. What ho, there, tapster! — call a coach to the door, and apprize us of its arrival."

* Drury Lane, or the one in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In a few moments a heavy rumbling sound, intermixed with the cracking of a whip and the geeings and hissings of the human voice, announced, in a natural and audible manner, the arrival of the cumbrous machine. The two friends having abandoned themselves to its dingy enclosure, Surface ordered the driver to set them down at the Greyhound Tavern in the Strand. Having jolted round the purlieus of St. James's, on proceeding up Pall Mall, Sandron was informed by his companion that they were then passing the spot where Stern and Borosky were executed, about twenty years before, for the murder of Thomas Thyn; known, for his riches, by the name of Tom of ten thousand.

Having arrived at the tavern and discharged the coach, they entered the coffee-room, where many gentlemen were assembled at different tables; some were drinking, some reading the papers of the day, it was no place for business, all seemed bent on recreation and refreshment.

Among the company there were several whom Surface seemed to be acquainted with, and Sandron fancied there was a marked difference in the reception which his friend met with, according to the rank and bearing of the party he addressed. For instance—the wild, rakish-looking young men appeared to hail him as a boon companion in a tavern; while the elder personages, or the men of more staid and courtly manners, replied to his greeting with a cold reserve and a stiff inclination of the head, as much as to say, "we are acquainted with you, but your society is in no way desirable."

This cold reception was particularly observable in the manner of the Lord Warwick, whom Surface pointed out to Sandron, remarking that some years before the same peer had been engaged in a duel, owing to a quarrel in that very house, tried and acquitted of the murder of Mr. Coote, the party who fell, but found guilty of manslaughter; from the consequences of which

judgment he escaped by pleading the privilege of his order.* Having finished a bottle of wine, Surface proposed that they should go forth into the Strand, by way of amusement, cautioning Sandron, at the same time, to take care of his pockets; for, miserably lighted as the streets in those days were, and almost totally neglected by the watch or constables, of whom nearly all were in league with the thieves, robbery and violence were of almost hourly occurrence.†

* State Trials, 1689. Mr. French was the personal antagonist of Mr. Coote; the former was also dangerously wounded, as was Lord Warwick slightly, in endeavouring to part them. There were two seconds on each side, and they all seem, more or less, to have interfered. They fought in the dark, in Leicester fields, between one and two o'clock on a Sunday morning, on the 30th of October.

† And now it is the general complaint, that people are afraid, when it is dark, to come to their houses, for fear that their hats and wigs should be snatched from off their heads, or their swords taken from their sides, or, that they may be blinded, knocked down, cut or stabbed; nay, the coaches cannot secure them, but they are likewise assaulted, cut and robbed, in the public streets.—The City Marshal's account of Jonathan Wild.

They had not proceeded far, when, as if to prove that the caution given to Sandron by Surface was far from unnecessary, three or four people, males and females, ran up against them, one of the latter clasping her arms round Sandron's neck, while a man pushed rudely by. To disengage himself from the unwelcome embrace and to strike at the male person was, with Sandron, the work of a moment, at the same time he observed that Surface had knocked a man down; the whole party with whom they had come in contact, then, without seeming to think the rough treatment they had experienced at all extraordinary or unmerited, disappeared in the surrounding darkness.

"Pickpockets, every soul of them!" exclaimed Surface: "are you all safe, Sandron, or do you miss any thing?"

"It was but the work of a moment," replied our hero; "yet, stay—my watch—my pocket-book—by heavens, a locket which I wore in my

breast—all, all, are gone! This way, I know the direction in which they retreated—by my soul, I'll cut the throat of every villain I meet, but I will regain the locket!" So saying, and followed by Surface, who was endeavouring to stay him by assurances that pursuit was useless, Sandron rushed up the pavement in the direction he supposed the robbers had taken. His course, however, was not destined to be of long duration, for he soon found himself buried in the laced waistcoat and embraced by the muscular arms of a sturdy personage, who met him as a rock might be supposed to do a stormy wave.

"Surrender in the queen's name," cried a rough hoarse voice, the reply to which was a desperate struggle, but Surface, luckily arriving at the moment, put an end to all further dispute.

"What, Jonathan Wild," he exclaimed, "why thou hast missed the heron and caught the hawk; loose this gentleman, he is a friend of mine, and was in pursuit of thieves when he plunged

so forcibly into thine embraces. Thou alone canst aid us in this matter."

"My lord," replied Jonathan, in some surprise, letting go his hold upon our hero, "I never expected to meet *you* here; surely there are safer places for the deer than the path of the hunter?"

"Peace, good Jonathan, and lord me no more; there is no safer place for me than in thy society, and in that of thy master, the City Marshal, which I will explain to thee this very night over a bowl of mulled wine and a devilled kidney; but first, I pray thee, aid me to discover the lost treasures of my friend; he has been robbed of his pocket-book, containing money, of his watch, and, what visibly concerns him more, of a golden locket which he wore around his neck."

"I will attend to these matters to-morrow—to-night I am busy," replied Wild.

"What, bound on a visit to thy loyal subjects

—going thy rounds? We will go with thee; by my life, thou shalt take us with thee!"

"No," rejoined Wild, with some hesitation, "I know not this gentleman: who is your pal? —may he be trusted?"

"Ay, with your life; he will hear and see, but say nothing; so on, and we follow thee, thou prince of pickpockets and punisher of iniquity."

"One thing, then, gentlemen, I must insist on; you are to walk a few paces behind me, and seem not of my company, for I am very shortly to meet the Marshal, and I know not what may be his humour." So saying, Wild passed on in the direction of Temple Bar, followed by the two friends, and in a little time they discovered the functionary alluded to, the City Marshal, standing under a solitary lamp.

He, as well as Wild, was a stout, powerful man, with broad, weather-beaten features, and a nose to which intemperance and cold air had

added a purple or bluish hue. Surface, who seemed to be equally well known to the Marshal, soon explained the loss his friend had so recently experienced, and after having, by the aid of Sandron, in some measure described the appearance of the woman who had clasped the latter round the neck, the Marshal declared that he thought he knew the parties, and that for five guineas the book, the watch, and locket, might again be restored to the rightful owner. Sandron jumped at the proposal; and the city functionary, requesting the two young men to abstain from all interference, consented that they should accompany him in the search he was about to make.

This being arranged, the whole party proceeded to several brandy-shops and ale-houses, at all of which the landlords complimented the Marshal and his man Wild with liquor, at the same time offering their services and calling the former their worthy protector. The Marshal

made them very little reply, but accepted some of their proffered attentions and refused others with a very cavalier air, addressing himself chiefly to the squalid and vicious-looking wretches of both sexes who thronged the benches, and who in many instances seemed to be drowning remorse, misery of mind and body, in deep and delusive potations.

"You," he said, addressing the landlords of the houses, "I require nothing from you further than such information as you may obtain in regard to any robberies, but from you (turning to the females), I expect more; you who pick pockets and render their contents to your pals, unless henceforth you deliver all stolen property to me, take my word for it, you shall all be sent to Bridewell."

After inspecting many of these houses in vain, the Marshal and Wild declared that they would now proceed to a house known as the chief resort of *the trade*. On their way thither, the two

friends were greatly amused by the nimble way in which the thieftakers dashed into dark corners and seized starved-looking lads, and in some instances well-dressed men, accusing them of picking pockets, and then not paying their respects to their chief. One of these delinquents, on being asked by the Marshal whither he had been, boldly replied, "Over Moor-fields and to the Blue Boar, where you told me you would give me a meeting."

Each of these pickpockets so seized, the Marshal did not even search, but loosed them again with the following caution: "Mind, if you *oblige* any one but myself or my man with pocketbooks or any other goods, you shall swing for it."

They had now arrived at the back of St. Paul's, where, turning into some wet and dirty lanes, where the cold east wind and the dark red fog seemed to sigh, and settle down more gloomily and densely than anywhere else, they stopped at the door of a brandy-shop, the small

dingy windows of which were running down with unwholesome moisture, occasioned by the heated fumes within. The Marshal applied his ear to the door, and then, whispering some directions to Wild, opened it suddenly and introduced his party. The door behind him being closed, the Marshal, with his back against it, commenced a scrutiny of the curious conclave offered to his view. It was a fit receptacle, that room, for the people who occupied it, and in close character with the abominable practises it fostered, and the liquid and destructive fire which the degraded of both sexes assembled nightly to pour down their wasting throats. Low, smoked, and unseemly, was it from ceiling to floor, and far different from the gin-palaces of the present day, for, with the march of intellect, vice seems to have kept an equal pace, and that which was used to be done in uncomfortable places, in secret, or at least without ostentation, now assumes a flagrancy of allure-

ment as attractive as glaring lights and gaudy furniture can make it.

The moment the portly figures of the Marshal and his man appeared within the door, there was some little bustle, succeeded by a dead silence, and lastly by the business-like question from several voices at the same time, of "Who's wanted?"

"I want the Dasher," calmly replied the Marshal.

"She an't here," was the reply.

"She *is* here, for I heard her voice before I entered," resumed the Marshal. "Wild, see who that is in the corner."

Wild advanced, and seizing a young woman by the arm, who had been endeavouring to hide herself, dragged her forth into the light. At this moment, two fighting dogs, either set on by their masters purposely to create a disturbance, or aroused by the noise and struggle of Wild and his prisoner, commenced a furious battle

beneath the table; the women screamed and jumped on the benches; the men swore, and lastly, the table itself, lights and all, was upset in the general uproar — the red embers in the fireplace only casting a dim and insufficient glare on this, to Sandron, most extraordinary scene. The moment the row commenced, the Marshal cried to his man, as well as to Sandron and Surface, to "draw their swords and keep the door."

"Oh, burn their swords! down with the devils!" shouted several voices together.

"Devils!" roared the Marshal, making himself heard above the babel which raged around him; "I'll make some of you devils, by the way of Tyburn, if you do not come to your senses in a jiffy. Listen; I know enough to hang half of you; but I am come to do a pal a service."

There was then a general silence, save the fierce growling of the two bulldogs, who were

struggling in the arms of their respective proprietors. The Marshal continued—

" I know what the Dasher has got ; she must give it up on being tipped sufficiently."

The landlord of the house, who seemed to wish to shew that he had nothing to do with the rebels against authority, now made his appearance with a lamp, and the table being raised, and the other lights once more replenished, the party seemed more likely to come to an amicable arrangement.

" You ungrateful wretches," resumed the Marshal, " to attempt to do me out of this slight request ; there ! old Nick may trade with you in future, for I will not."

He now whispered something to Jonathan Wild, who drew the woman on one side, and some offer seemed to be made her, for she replied, though still in a low voice, sufficiently loud for Sandron to catch the purport of her rejoinder :

"Unconscionable bilk! when he gets at least five or ten guineas, not to bestow above five or ten shillings upon us unfortunate wretches; however, rather than go to the Compter, I'll try what can be done." Approaching the Marshal, she said, "There were fifteen guineas in the pocket-book; how much may I pouch, if I return the ticker and the locket?"

Sandron here joined them, and addressing the Marshal earnestly, bade him let the woman keep the money if she would only return the watch, which was a gift from his mother, and the locket, by which he set considerable store. The Marshal pushed him hastily aside, and then said to the woman, but still in a key which reached the quick ears of our hero: "A guinea, I'll let thee keep a guinea; but the rest must be restored to me; thou hadst better be content with that, or to Newgate thou shalt go of a certainty."

"It can't be done," replied the woman; "my

eyes! but you are the shabbiest crimp I ever knew! The ticker and locket are pawned for forty shillings, and if you don't advance me the money for their redemption, why you can't have 'em, that's all."

"Well," said the Marshal, "thou shalt have thirty shillings."

Here their voices sunk into so low a whisper, that Sandron could not hear the conclusion of the bargain; the woman shortly afterwards disappeared, but returned again, and placed a small parcel in the Marshal's hand, which he, having minutely examined, secured in the bosom of his vest, when, beckoning to his party, they, to Sandron's great delight, retired from this den of vice.

"Have you recovered my property?" exclaimed Sandron, the moment they were in the street.

"I have, my master; but, faith! young sir, it has not been without some cost. I have obtained

the watch and locket, but as for the shiners, they are whistled away I know not whither."

Master Surface laughed.

"And what are you laughing at, friend?" said the Marshal, stopping short, and drawing himself up with an air of offended dignity. "I say that I have been obliged to give up the money, or I could not have obtained the watch and locket."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied Surface. "I was only thinking what a rouse we'll have to-night. Come, Marshal, let us back to the Greyhound Tavern; you can return the property to my friend more safely there than in the street, the more so as he, being unused to the ways of London, might be eased of it again between this and the Hercules' Pillars."

So saying, the party repaired to the tavern, and having ordered some broiled bones and a bowl of mulled wine to be taken to a private apartment, Surface introduced Sandron to two

showily-dressed young men, whom they found joking with the host and his daughter in the bar, by the names of Sir Charles Matchem and Mr. Brown. These two gentlemen they also invited to join them at their supper.

The broiled bones were pronounced excellent, and peppered to perfection ; bowl after bowl of the mulled wine speedily disappeared ; the mirth of the party rose in proportion, and Surface began to indulge in a vein of humour peculiar to himself. He seemed to be possessed of the power of teazing every one without the possibility of their retorting on him by similar means, and to know the weak points in their characters. Jonathan Wild had arrived at the ripest state of perfection to receive such impressions ; the good wine having washed off the false colouring of custom and restraint, and left him natural. Beyond that point, wine and wassail could not degrade him

" Come, Jonathan !" exclaimed Surface ;

"give me thy cup; let me fill thee a bumper to the health of all true lasses, not forgetting, though in her absence, the prosperity of thine own affectionate helpmate, Mistress Mary Milliner, as impertinent folks still persist in designating her. Why, egad! what care she takes of thy dress! why, thou art bedizened with as much lace upon thy clothes as would serve a dozen women;* would that I lived near Cripplegate Church! Too bad of thee, though, naughty Jonathan, to put the litter-mark on thy faithful benefactress, and in thy love to cut off her whole ear instead of clipping it.†

* Wild accumulated money so fast that he considered himself as a man of consequence, and to support his imaginary dignity he dressed in laced clothes, and wore a sword. He first exercised his martial instrument on the person of his accomplice and reputed wife, Mary Milliner.—*Life and Trial of Jonathan Wild.*

† Sportsmen were, and are, in the habit of cutting a notch in the ears of peculiar puppies, so that they may know them again from others. Wild having taken offence at some point of his wife's conduct, swore that he would mark her, and with his sword lopped her ear completely off.

What sayst thou; is she true to thee still, thou man of lace and a long sword?"

Wild grew furious at this allusion to his domestic concerns, and replied — "Mind thine own matters, Master Malapert; *I married no wife against her will;* let not thy wit run a tilt against Jonathan, or he'll shew thee the length of his tongue, as well as the blade of his sword."

"Hey-day!" exclaimed the other, reddening in his turn, but recovering his composure admirably; "why, thou swaggering swash-buckler, thou talkest of fighting! An it were not for the presence of thy master here, I would crop thy ear to make it match with the one at home!"

Up jumped Jonathan Wild, throwing down his chair as he did so, and at the same time drawing his sword, which he brought to a level with Surface's breast. "Thou diest!" he cried, "and *they cannot hang me for it.*"

"Strike, strike!" said Surface, with the

most imperturbable coolness; "strike, good Jonathan, an thou darest!"

Sandron rose to interfere, and had half drawn his sword; the rest of the party, convulsed with laughter, seemed to treat it all as a very good joke, but the Marshal thought it time to interpose.

"Come, come, Jonathan," he said, at the same time thrusting his burly person between his man and Master Surface, and putting aside the sword; "no brawling here; we are met in good fellowship, and his lor — that is, I meant to say — hup — the gentleman — intended no offence—no offence — none whatever" (with a drunken shake of the head).

"Oh!" said Wild, "if he intended no offence, why, there's an end on't; I'm the last man to quarrel with a gentleman—blow me!"

"Well, old boy, here's to thee, then," said Surface good-naturedly; when, turning to the Marshal, who had resumed his place at the table, he continued; "faith! how lucky we

are in having such a peace-maker present! But, you have omitted, worthy sir, to restore my friend his watch."

"No!" exclaimed Sandron; "he gave me my property the moment we entered the tavern."

"What, guineas and all?"

"No; I do not mind the money; he has been obliged to let the thieves keep that, or I should have lost all."

"The thieves — *the* thief, you mean — the greatest thief among them. By the by, friend Marshal, were it not well that we should look into the intricacies of thy dress, and see if out of affection to thy person some few of the lost guineas may not have placed themselves in thy unconscious pocket!"

"What d'ye mean?" shouted the Marshal, seizing his cocked hat, and sticking it the wrong way on his head. "I defy you—"

"Come, come; help us here gentlemen all," cried Surface, catching the Marshal by the col-

lar; "by all that's glorious! we'll search the civic dignitary." With these words, Surface, Sir Charles Matchem, and Master Brown seized on, and fell with the Marshal to the floor. Wild jumped up and interfered, when the young men, after making a pretence that they were in earnest, ceased from their attempt, and the whole party became once more seated.

"Thou shalt pay for this," said the Marshal, out of breath; "hup, thou shalt pay for this, Master Surface, ere long."

"I pay! yes, as the old song says, 'with never a penny of money.'"

"A song, a song! he has quoted the words, and therefore must sing them out!" exclaimed Sir Charles and Brown together. "Come, Surface?"

The one addressed, nothing loth, then sung as follows:

"We be soldiers three,
Pardonnez moi je vous en prie,
Lately come from the low country,
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardonnez moi je vous en prie,
To all good fellows who ever they be,
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonnez moi je vous en prie,
Pays for the shot, whatever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
Pardonnez moi je vous en prie,
As long as there's any ink in thy pen,
With never a penny of money."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried the Marshal in perfect ecstasies, "'t is a very excellent ditty—halloo—I thought I had but just emptied my cup, and lo, here it is full again."

Surface had slily helped him. The latter perceiving that he was now in a fit state to be communicative, thus addressed him: — "Well, Marshal, my noble commander, I am happy to have had the opportunity of introducing you to my friend Sandron, the more so as you have been able to do him some service. You are a

gentleman, Marshal, of vast information; you have studied, sir, not so much in polite letters as in the wider field of nature, and the propensities of man."

"I have studied, hup," replied the civic functionary, now very far gone in liquor; "I have studied—but, craving your pardon, fair sir, hup, I *am* well acquainted with letters, bless you, I can turn them inside out, and never break the seal: as for informations, as you truly say, I have laid more informations, hup, than any man, ay, even than my honest friend Jonathan, so you see I ought to have a good store in hand. I have rectified more mistakes than any man before me."

"You have — you have—there 's no doubt of it, Marshal, but there be some silly-pated fools who know no better, who ask—how it is possible for you to carry on your trade of 'rectifying mistakes,' as you term it, restoring stolen goods as they call it, without your being in league with robbers."

The Marshal's heart was open ; when, calling Wild a fool for winking at him, and in total disregard of sundry kicks beneath the table which that worthy colleague bestowed upon him in the way of cautious admonition, he thus delivered himself.

"My acquaintance, hup, my acquaintance among thieves is vastly extensive, hup — I'll thank you, Mr. Wild, if you are a gentleman, hup, to keep your legs to yourself, and your shoes off m yshins. To resume, hup—you see — sirs — when I receive information of a robbery, I make all possible inquiry after the suspected parties, and" (laying his finger on the side of his nose) "leave word at proper places, that if the goods are deposited where I appoint, the reward shall be paid, and, hup, no questions asked. Surely, surely, kind sirs, no imputation of guilt *can* fall on me, for I hold no interviews with the robbers, nor are the goods given into my possession."

"Hear, hear, hear!" exclaimed all the party except Jonathan Wild; "a most correct exposition! Why, Marshal, thou art a logician."

Up to this time Sandron had taken scarce any part in the conversation, and, though amused, he had not hitherto seemed to enjoy the coarse wit and boisterous humour of the party. Now it became otherwise: the wine — the example — had taken full effect; his laugh became the loudest, his song the most frequent, and, though unable to jest as broadly as the others, yet propriety of expression was now banished from his lips. Jonathan Wild was the soberest of the party, and he suddenly seemed to take a malicious pleasure in the unguarded avowals of his superior, as if through them he saw the means of displacing the Marshal, and of succeeding to the city office. He might have had an eye to the gold which the latter had in his pockets, for he continued to ply him with wine, till the Marshal, in endeavouring to rise, slipped from his

chair, lost his balance, and fell to the ground, where he lay without sense or motion, muttering a well-known epitaph among thieves, which had been written on the chimney-sweep alluded to in a preceding ditty, who had suffered at Tyburn :—

> "Here lies Hall's clay,
> Thus swept away."

This seemed a signal for the party to break up; therefore, leaving Wild to take care of his superior, coaches and chairs were ordered, when, in one of the former, Sandron and his newly-found friend, Master Surface, proceeded to the Hercules' Pillars.

CHAPTER V.

Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet, oft perverse, like woman-kind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim?

DR. SHERIDAN.

IT was late the next morning when Sandron awoke from a fitful and unrefreshing slumber. On opening his eyes he stared about him with an air of vacancy, for all objects in the chamber were strange to him, and he could not immediately call to mind the circumstances of his situation. By degrees the true state of things regained its dominion, and with returning recollection the throbbing of his oppressed brow,

and a feverish thirst forcibly reminded him that temperance had not attended at his supper-table. With that reflection, came the knowledge of with whom and how the night had been spent, and a bitter remembrance of the loss of the locket, the money, and the watch. The false spirit of wine no longer elated him, or lent its aid to the coarse jokes, which still seemed ringing in his ears; his brain was exhausted, and nothing remained of the midnight revel but a sensation of weariness and disgust. In proportion to the very excess of mirth to which his potations had raised him, he now felt that downfall of the spirit which is ever fostered by, and attendant on, unnatural excitement, and which comes with a never-failing stride to trample down the maddened imagination of the drunkard.

He leaned forwards to look at the watch, a treasured gift from his mother, lying in a chair by the bedside, and in so doing his eye rested

on something which glittered near it, lightly touched by a feeble ray of the sun, which had that moment struggled through the foggy atmosphere still brooding heavily over the town. He recognized the golden locket, which contained Louisa's hair, and a blush of shame suffused his handsome countenance. It was not long ere the hand was stretched forth to bring the locket nearer to his lips, but in effecting this he became aware that the ribbon belonging to it had been soiled and broken, and that the sweet perfume, which had attached itself to the fastening, reminding him of the neat and beautiful workbox where he had so often seen it lying, had passed away. Light and trivial as the fact may appear, faint and scarcely perceptible as the perfume on the locket was, still it had been sufficient to speak through the senses to the affections of his heart, and he felt its loss most deeply. To the finely-strung and hitherto all-tuneful sensations in his youthful breast, there

was much that was remorseful in the thought that the gift of Louisa — a lock of hair from the brow of one—the most beautiful—the most innocent of creation, should have been in the possession and clasped in the rude hands of the most abandoned. The locket, hastily torn from the stained ribbon, was pressed to his lips; it was opened, its glossy treasure gazed upon, and bitterly did he regard his own unworthiness, when he called to mind the pain the giver of that lock of hair would have experienced, could she have known that he had participated in the scenes of the past evening. He was on the eve of forming resolutions, perhaps only to have broken them again, when the door opened, and Master Surface stood before him.

"Why, thou art a sluggard, Charles!" he exclaimed, "or has the good liquor of last night made thee slumber, and amused thee by beatific visions? Up, up! by the Lord, thy doors are besieged by a legion of tradesmen anxious for thy

commands, and ready to repair the egregious blunders which country botchers have withal cumbered thine attire : a breakfast awaits thee, too, which shall put to flight all uneasy sensations of the last night's revel ! Ho !—ho !—it was rare fun to drink the Marshal under the table !''

So saying, Surface quitted the room. Sandron dressed himself, and, in the course of some time, breakfast being over, the tradesmen, all of whom had been recommended to our hero by his friend, were desired to attend. Out of the many who received orders, we will only notice Master Felt, the hatter. He was a short, dapper, hump-backed, bustling little man, conceited, as most very little hump-backed men are : having made his bow, and presented his card to Sandron, he proceeded to arrange a regiment of hat-boxes on the table, talking all the while, and explaining the merits of his goods, as well as his own, with most officious volubility.

"I hope, sar, to be honoured, sar, with your name, sar, on my new list of country gentlemen who are leaving off the hunting for the military cock of the hat; strange to say, sar, the effect of the peace, sar, the effect of the peace. Here it is, sar," (showing a hat) "this is quite the thing. Indeed, I have a variety of shapes and patterns with me, for, in my opinion, the great secret of hat-making is, at present, but little understood. Vulgar fellows are but too apt to think that if they cover the head of their customer, it is all they have to do; but, sar, your more enlightened artist should consider the inside of the head as well as the out, and suit the external decoration of the cranium to the mental resources of the patient. I call all my customers patients, sar; the calibre of the mind should determine the fashion of the hat, not the head of the man. Thus, sar, you shall see, I have cocks of the hat for every sort and description of person, and for all heads making figures in

the annals of Great Britain, descriptive of their powers and faculties. Thus, you see, sar, here is a cocked hat for men of law and physic ; the cock is very slight, you see—it but just ascends to give a *leetle* life to their sagacity, while here you detect a military hat ; it glares full in the face of all beholders : the rest, sar, are not distingué, but are prepared with familiar easy ascents to suit all good companions between the two extremes."

" Upon my life," exclaimed Sandron, laughing heartily, " you are a clever hatter ; have the goodness to explain which of them you intend for me."

" Let me see, sar," said Master Felt, surveying our hero from top to toe ; " fine form, athletic appearance, slight moustache, tall, upright, undaunted — oh ! my very good sar, the military inclination is the one best suited to your profile."

Sandron then ordered two or three hats of

different regulations, and the little hatter withdrew, with many bows of complacency. A gentleman's dress, in the days of which we are speaking, was capable of being worked up to great cost and value; indeed, a rich or extravagant gentleman might be recognized by his attire, for he might, in the words of John Taylor,

> "Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
> And spangled garters worth a copyhold;
> A hose and doublet which a lordship cost;
> A gaudy cloak, three mansions' price almost;
> A beaver band, and feather for the head,
> Prized at the church's tythe, the poor man's bread."

How different has been the fashion of later years; how it has descended, till the youth of some of England's proudest houses have modelled their garments after the manner of stage-coachmen!

In the reign of Anne, the dress ran much as follows. — Fine-laced neckcloth, gold-laced hat with or without feathers, square-cut coat, waistcoat with long flaps and pockets, hanging so low

as to meet the stockings, which came high enough to conceal the breeches, though they were gartered below the knee. The cuffs of the coat were huge, and hanging, garnished with laced ruffles, while its skirts were stuffed, and stiffened with wire or buckram, from between the fronts of which was visible the hilt of the sword. The stockings were of blue or scarlet silk, with gold or silver clocks; the shoes square-toed, with small buckles and high red heels; add to these articles a formally curled peruke, and the dress is completed. Boots were also much worn, both in the morning and evening; but, about this time, by the good taste and assiduity of Beau Nash, they were excluded from most of the full-dressed assemblies.

After the various tradesmen had been dismissed, in much such dresses as we have described, the two young men prepared to lounge through the Mall, and seek for some companions to join them at dinner.

During their walk, and while they visited the various places of fashionable resort, Sandron still thought that he observed among many of the leading class of society a marked dislike to the familiar approaches of his companion; yet such power had Surface obtained over him, and so much pleased and amused was he with the spirit, wit, and humour, and extreme or apparent good nature of his friend, that he felt no inclination to inquire into the cause; nor, indeed, if he had been so inclined, had he the power to have obtained such information, for the very good reason, that he was a stranger in the town, and knew not to whom to apply. In the course of the day, they again met Sir Charles Matchem and Master Brown, who, though they did not seem as friendly with Surface in the crowded street as they were in the private room at Lockett's, did not hesitate to accept an invitation which Sandron gave them, to dine with him that afternoon, at the Greyhound Tavern.

It is astonishing what gentlemen, even with money in their pockets, will do for a dinner. It has been said that the way to an Englishman's heart is down his throat; and if one looks upon the people who are tolerated in the best society, simply owing to the frequency of their dinners, and the celebrity of their cook, any man who thinks twice upon the subject must be fain to admit that there is much foundation for the degrading assertion. In the instance we are relating, though Sir Charles Matchem and Master Brown evidently did not think that Surface was, to say the least of it, a desirable companion in the eyes of the world, yet, though they knew that he was to be present, the chance of their thus being brought to a more intimate acquaintance with him had not power to turn them away from the prospect of a dinner.

The party dined early, and repaired to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to witness the famous comedy of Love for Love, with which

that theatre had opened some years before; after which entertainment they again adjourned to Locketts to supper. What with the potations of the previous night, the atmosphere of the theatre, and the excitement attending the novelty of his present mode of life, Sandron found himself overheated, and with a thirst which nothing seemed capable of allaying. The more he drank the more he required, till all vestiges of the better resolutions, the formation of which he had commenced, on being awakened in the morning, vanished before the artificial stimulus of the brain.

He talked loudly, boasted of the beauty of her whom he alluded to as his affianced bride, opened the locket she had given him for the inspection of the company, pronounced that name which ought to have been held sacred, and finally engaged in the game of whist, about which he knew nothing, and lost to his *friend* and companions a considerable sum of money. He arose from the card-table in considerable ill-humour.

ready to take offence at, or to quarrel with, any one, when on proceeding down stairs an opportunity was soon given him of venting his ill-humour.

A gentleman was standing at the bar in the act of drinking a glass of wine; in passing rudely by him, Sandron struck his elbow, and threw the contents of the glass into the bosom of his vest. The stranger paused good-naturedly for an apology, but, on finding that none was offered, stepped quickly up to Sandron, and angrily inquired 'if he was aware of the rudeness he had been guilty of.'

"Not at all," replied the latter; "I could not stand in a corner all night, while you were smelling to your wine: you should have drunk it, man."

"Then, sir," rejoined the stranger, "I am to infer that you did it intentionally, and if so, sir, you must give me satisfaction."

Sandron, who was ripe for violence of any

kind, immediately seized the stranger by the collar, when Surface, Sir Charles Matchem, and other bystanders, interfered. High words passed on both sides, and the principals in the affair were for at once settling the business with their swords by torch-light, in Leicester Fields; but this was overruled by Sir Charles Matchem, who threatened to send for a file of musqueteers, unless they postponed the arbitration of their quarrel till morning. After much trouble this was agreed to, when, having given their respective addresses, (the stranger naming himself as Captain Cawthorne) Surface and Sandron repaired to a coach which had been waiting for them at the door.

"Now," exclaimed Surface, "to soothe your angry mood, Charles, and to fit you for a course of reason to-morrow, for on my word you have been too hasty in this affair, I will take you to a friend of mine who shall look and sing you into terrestrial paradise."

He then gave private orders to the coachman, who soon after drove up to the door of a house in a small street leading from the Strand. They rang at the bell, and the door was opened by a maid-servant, when, without waiting for announcement, and, followed by Sandron, Master Surface strode deliberately up stairs and entered a smart little apartment, where, seated on a sofa and elegantly dressed, was a singularly beautiful girl. She arose on their entrance, with the words —"You are late, Simon." But her exclamation was cut short by Surface's introduction of our hero.

"I have brought my friend, Susan, to hear you sing; he is somewhat out of tune at present, but if you cannot harmonize his wrangling mood, I know not who can."

"He does not look out of tune, discord cannot lurk beneath such features as his," she replied, scanning the expression of his countenance, and looking more boldly into his face than our

hero was led to expect from her modest and feminine appearance: "faith he is a very handsome friend, and I hope he will, at least, if he admires my singing, come and hear me very often."

"Come, come, Susan," exclaimed Surface a little petulantly, "you are wonderfully civil; it is your voice in singing I wish him to hear, not in love-speeches and folly. Sing him that song which you sang to me but a few nights since; a plague on it! it has been running in my mind ever since, but I forget the name."

"I know which you mean, but I dare say your friend has heard it better sung; however, I will trust to the good nature of his heart, which his eyes so eloquently express, to pardon every error."

She then seated herself with her guitar, and sang the following song, during which Sandron had full opportunity to gaze on her to his heart's content.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabour, cudgel stout—
Oh, he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark, the raven flaps his wing
In the briered dell below,
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hereupon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Not one holy saint to save
All the sorrow of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his bed,
All under the willow-tree.

She sang the song with great taste and feeling, in addition to which her voice was very sweet, and had evidently been taken much pains with; at the conclusion of the third verse, Sandron, who

thought he had seldom or never seen a fairer creature, observed that her large and languishing brown eyes filled with tears; but, if they did so fill, all trace of sorrow was in a moment banished, and laying down the instrument, in a bantering tone she exclaimed—

"Now, sir stranger, if you do not call on me very frequently for a song, I shall hold that you either contemn my performance, or that your soul belies your countenance, and that sweetness of disposition and harmony of thought dwell not in your composition."

Surface evidently did not relish this general invitation to his friend, and Sandron saw that it annoyed him; however, so full of admiration was he for the fair songstress, and so heated by wine, as well as chafed in spirit from his late encounter with Captain Cawthorne, that he cared but little for the wishes of any man, and was warm in his assurances of again visiting her. After some further conversation, some spiced

wine was handed round by the maid-servant, and Surface, addressing Sandron, told him that if he would proceed home in the coach then waiting at the door, he would speedily follow him, as he had another visit to pay ere he could retire for the night.

Sandron, having sat some time longer, took his leave; but, as he was about to step into his coach, he was met by a young lady splendidly dressed, apparently entering the house he was quitting. With an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, she caught him by the arm, saying at the same, "Take me with you;" then pausing and looking for a moment into his face, and at a glance catching the astonishment expressed by his features, she burst into tears.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sandron, being at the time ready to have fought the battles of the whole female sex, "what has happened? how can I serve you, madam? you may command me."

"Take me with you," she cried; "under the protection of a gentleman I may at least find temporary refuge; alas, I have been turned from my home by a cruel step-mother, and if you have not compassion for me, I must perish in the streets."

Sandron hesitated; he had heard that London was full of dissimulation, and alive with snares for the unwary; he knew not what to do.

"Take me with you!" the lady once more exclaimed, sobbing at the same time as if her heart would break; "let me but have shelter for the night—a room to sit in — and you will be doing an act of mercy; you cannot refuse a distressed damsel, can you, sir?"

As she made this appeal, she regarded Sandron with such a sweet expression of feature, almost smiling through her tears, as to banish all hesitation on his part; the more so as several passers-by had stopped to witness their interview, and had already indulged in coarse remark.

Taking pity on her forlorn situation, as well as to save her delicacy from the rude gibe of the bystanders, Sandron assisted her into his coach, and ordered the coachman to drive them to the Hercules' Pillars. On their way thither, the young lady continued her pitiable tale, and, when the coach stopped, Sandron found that her appeal to his humanity, added to the spiced wine he had drank at the house he had just quitted, had made wonderful impressions both on his head and heart, and confirmed his resolution of protecting her from all harm.

Having arrived at the tavern, and assisted her to alight, Sandron knocked at the door, and presently after mine host was heard carefully undoing the chain which secured it, the hour being so late that all the rest of the inmates, tapsters, lodgers, and guests, had retired for the night. The door opened by degrees, and the countenance of the host peered cautiously round the edge, when, on seeing Sandron, he admitted

him, but, with an exclamation of surprise and displeasure, banged the door to again in the face of the distressed damsel, saying, at the same time, "No, no, madam."

"S'death, thou insolent varlet," cried Sandron, "what hast thou done? open thy portal, I tell thee, or I flay thee alive! Yonder is a distressed lady — of rank, for aught I know — and I have pledged my word to protect her. I tell thee, open thy inhospitable door!"

"Never, sir," said the host, buttoning the key up in a breast-pocket; "never shall my old master's son keep such strange company under my roof."

"Villain, art thou mad or drunk!" shouted his fierce interrogator; "what strange company? By my soul, if thou dost not open thy infernal door, I'll beat thee to a mummy!"

With these words, Sandron seized the tavern-keeper by the collar, and threw him on the ground; nevertheless, the sturdy old man folded

his arms firmly over the key, and Sandron's most vigorous efforts failed to wrench them asunder. Giddy with wine, and out of breath, Sandron seized on a chair, and, placing it upon the body of his fallen adversary, the cross-bars of which fitted closely into his neck and the small of his back, effectually keeping him prisoner, drew his sword, sat himself in the chair, and thus addressed him.

"Thou stony-hearted publican and sinner, thou unfeeling vender of the most acheful liquor, here will I sit at my leisure, and prick thee into repentance!"

The noise of the scuffle, the exasperated and continued rapping at the door and clamour for payment of the coachman, had by this time aroused the whole house, and nightcaps and nightwigs of every shade and variety were to be seen peering over the balustrades of the staircase, one above the other, according to the different altitude of their respective dormitories.

In the meanwhile, one or two tapsters and waiters danced round about the vicinity of the bar, but seemed disinclined to offer their unprotected persons to the point of a naked sword; for Sandron not only pricked his prostrate foe, but, whenever a tapster ventured near for the relief of his master, he plied his weapon in each direction with such good will as effectually to keep them all at bay. This state of things had lasted some minutes, when the coach was heard to drive away; a different knock then assailed the door, accompanied by the voice of Surface.

"What ho, I say! is Pandimonium broken loose, that such an infernal din is kept up in this tavern as to prevent the solicitation of its frequenters for their lawful admittance from being attended to?"

On hearing his friend's voice, Sandron permitted the landlord to rise; and, the door being opened, Surface alone stood before them. Sandron rushed into the street, but the coach, the lady, and all, had disappeared.

"Why, landlord," exclaimed Surface, "what has been the matter? has the house been on fire that I see an army of nightcaps on the stairs, or have you been patronizing your own liquor?"

"No," replied the landlord; "but Master Sandron has been boozing somebody else's liquor, or he never would have served an old servant of his family in this way."

The affray was then explained; and, making multifarious assertions that he would quit the house on the following day, Sandron was at length prevailed on by his friend to retire to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,
Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,
Like other slaves, of course must pay his ransom,
Before he can escape from so much danger
As will environ a conspicuous man. Some
Talk about poetry, and, "rack and manger,"
And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble;—
I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

BYRON.

ON the following morning Sandron was hastily awakened by his friend. "Up, up!" he cried, "by my life, you take things easily; here has Sir Charles Matchem arrived with a message from Captain Cawthorne; you surely were not so much mystified by wine as to have forgotten your quarrel and assault on the little gentleman?"

"No, no," replied Sandron, "I have not altogether forgotten it, though my recollections in the matter are not over-clear. I fear me I have been in the wrong; my honour is in your hands; if I have been wrong, I am ready to make such an apology as a gentleman may; but, if ever so little in the right, why then, away goes the scabbard, and let Captain Cawthorne mind his doublet."

Thus empowered, Surface, all circumstances being taken into consideration, had nothing left for it but to consent that his friend should make an ample apology; for, to the rude act, in the first instance, of knocking the wine out of the captain's hand, Sandron had further added to the difficulty of his situation by committing a direct assault, which nothing could excuse but the plea of insobriety.

Matters were, after considerable difficulty, arranged; for, however much a man may regret the act, and however much he may express his

sorrow, still, seizing the collar of a gentleman amounts to a blow, an offence which Captain Cawthorne said could scarce be atoned for save with the effusion of blood.

This more serious matter had scarce been disposed of, ere the coachman of the previous night arrived with a charge for his hire, including his journey back, when he drove the lady home.

"Drove the lady home!" said Sandron; "did they let her in, my good man?"

"Oh yes, sir, but she said as I was to go to you for payment."

Sandron settled the man's claim and sent for the landlord, to whom he expressed his sorrow at having used him so roughly, which brought tears into the old servant's eyes, who quitted the room saying, "he did not mind his bruises, as he had done his duty in opening his young master's mind to strange company."

Sandron was then left alone, when, throwing

himself upon his bed, he gave way to the most bitter, but wholesome reflections.

In the space of two nights he had transgressed much of the advice received from his father. He had picked up an acquaintance and associated himself with a man who appeared to be a gentleman, certainly, but of whose familiar approaches men of undoubted pretensions to the best society seemed to be peculiarly shy. That he was a gambler Sandron also knew, for he had seen him win considerably of others, as well as of himself; and to this he added an inclination to share in, as well as power to bear, the most extravagant intemperance: that his morals were sufficiently lax he had evidence beyond the possibility of doubt. Most humiliating, then, it seemed to him, to have been found brawling in a tavern at night, only to apologize in the morning, the sole excuse for the reception of that apology being the plea of degrading intoxication. There was yet a more bitter pang

for him in store—the open state of the locket, and the twisted ribbon, reminded him that he had publicly alluded to, that he had boasted of Louisa's love, and made her hallowed name a jest for the ribaldry of his companions. This latter reflection filled his soul with disgust and his eyes with tears; nothing which he could urge to himself offered the smallest palliation of his fault, nay, the only excuse which he really had, that of inebriety, but added still further to his moral degradation.

He remembered the words of his father, "that it would be better to drink himself speechless, than to let men put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains;" he also found how dangerous the literal pursuit of such advice was, for, in the intermediate moments between reason and its total loss, there existed a doubtful and a deceitful twilight, like the close or commencement of day, showing sufficient palpability on the road to make its fairer portions visible, and

yet not enough to enable the traveller to avoid the holes and declivities which yawned in the more obscure places. Having been a prey to such reflections for some time, he came to the wise resolution of withdrawing himself from the society of Master Surface; but how was this to be effected, and what reason was he to assign for such a line of conduct? Too good-natured to do any thing harshly, he determined to drop his acquaintance by degrees, and for this purpose he ordered his servant to repair to the Strand, or its immediate vicinity, and to secure for him a single lodging, while he himself would pay his father a visit at the Hall. Little did our hero know how difficult it was by fair and quiet means to shake off the acquaintance of a man, who for selfish reasons is resolved to fasten his society in a particular quarter. A relay of horses being also ordered in advance as far as Colnbrook, Sandron was dressed for his journey when Master Surface entered his room.

"Holloa," exclaimed the latter, "booted and spurred! why, whither art thou bound?"

"I intend to pay my father a visit," simply replied Charles. At this juncture a servant entered bearing a letter for Sandron, from Lord Orford; it stated that Sir Stamford had apprized him of his son's residence in town, and contained an appointment for an interview on the day after the morrow.

"Soho, friend," cried Surface, when he knew the contents of the letter, "no visit, then, to Sandron Hall?"

"Yes," rejoined Charles, "I will go there, if but for a day; after the heat and bustle of the town, the fresh air of the country will be acceptable."

"Faith," said Surface, "an excellent notion; I have a little business in the neighbourhood and you shall take me with you; I long, also, to make the acquaintance of the fine old hearty knight, your father."

"But," replied Sandron, with some little hesitation, "my father will be unprepared for a guest——"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," interrupted his friend; "my presence can make no difference in such household arrangements as those at the Hall. I will be in no one's way, but walk about the grounds and amuse myself, while you act the dutiful son."

Sandron thus found himself obliged to say that he should be happy in his friend's society, and it was therefore settled that they should visit the Hall together. Nothing worthy of record chanced upon the road; Surface was more civil and obliging, more agreeable and entertaining, than ever; and when they arrived at their destination, Charles had recovered his usual tone and spirits.

The reception given to the acknowledged friend and companion of their only son was flattering in the extreme; it seemed as if Sir

Stamford and his lady vied with each other in excess of civility, concluding their open-hearted protestations with a pressing and general invitation to Master Surface, that, as he said business sometimes brought him into that neighbourhood, whenever such should again happen, he would do them and their son the favour to make the Hall his home.

When Charles witnessed the affectionate solicitude of his parents, made manifest and apparent as it was by their marked attention to *his* friend, a sensation passed through his breast which pained him considerably, and he would have given worlds to have made his father acquainted with the true state of things, and particularly to have recalled the general invitation, of which he felt sure Master Surface would avail himself. To have thus acquainted his father, he must have made the disagreeable acknowledgment that he had introduced a questionable character to the sanctity of his home, and that

he had been saddled with the society of a man of whom his heart did not entirely approve. Such acknowledgments as these tell much against the vanity of a young man, and run so counter to the grain of the human disposition, that we may observe men of long standing in the world, and of asserted and approved sagacity, shrink from such confessions of momentary weakness. We must not wonder, then, that Charles Sandron sorrowed, but was silent.

Our hero and his friend had but just finished their late dinner, when there was a slight bustle in the entrance-hall, accompanied by a bounding sound by the window, and a short, plaintive cry, as if some animal was that moment separated from the object of its affections; at the same instant the door of the dining-chamber opened, and Louisa, a little out of breath, and with a heightened colour, made rather a hasty entrance. The hue on her beautiful cheek, always lovely, but in the present instance still more so from

the haste with which she had reached the Hall, grew, when she became aware of a stranger's presence, to a deep crimson, and she hesitated in her advance, as if she judged it more expedient to repass the door.

"Come in, come in, my love," exclaimed the good old knight, as Charles Sandron and his friend rose from table, the one to meet her, the other to await the expected introduction—"come in, my love, you will be as anxious and happy to welcome this friend and companion of my son Charles, as we have been; know him, my love, as Master Surface."

As Louisa acknowledged the low reverence of the guest, in her usual graceful and unembarrassed style, Charles thought he had never seen her appear more lovely; and when, in addition to his own sensations, he observed the eyes of his friend filled with admiration, he felt proud indeed of the consciousness that he possessed her first and best affection.

Dr. Marmaduke shortly afterwards arrived, and the evening passed off pleasantly enough. One thing alone more particularly struck Charles Sandron's observation; it was the change that had come over the manners and bearing of his friend Master Surface, and the vast power he seemed to have over his inclinations and actions. This night, though the rich old wine of the Hall might have tempted the most temperate man to an approach to excess, Master Surface drunk of it so sparingly as to incur a rallying on that score from his hospitable host. Though Charles had good reason to know that his friend was an ardent admirer of female perfection, and though he had observed that Surface had been forcibly struck by Louisa's beauty, he scarcely spoke to her the whole evening; in fact, he seemed almost unconscious of her presence.

Surface addressed his conversation to Sir Stamford on hunting and farming affairs, till the old knight fell asleep in his arm-chair; he

then engaged Dr. Marmaduke on religious matters. All this was done to the thorough edification of Lady Sandron who was the best audience in the world, as well as to the unmitigated surprise and pleasure of the Doctor himself, whom Surface incontrovertibly impressed with the idea that he had at last met with a young man of fashion, uncontaminated by the vice and folly which hourly surrounded him.

Dr. Marmaduke and his daughter slept at the Hall that night; and, as Charles Sandron found the latter as pure and beautiful, as engaging and affectionate, as when he left her on his journey to London, the circumstance of his having so improperly alluded to her engagement with him passed from his recollection.

On the following morning before breakfast, Charles Sandron and Louisa were walking in the garden, and visiting all sorts of pets, the white doe bounding before them in her usual lively and graceful manner; at a turn in the grounds they

encountered Master Surface. He was dressed richly, and with the utmost care, so as to set off his face and figure to the best advantage, but at the same time he threw into his manner an air of surprise at the rencontre, saying, with a low bow to Louisa, that he had not the slightest idea of meeting with anything half so agreeable at that early and unusual hour. They then repaired to the Hall, where they found the whole household assembled round Dr. Marmaduke for the morning prayer.

Towards the middle of the day, Master Surface pleaded some business in the neighbourhood, and, promising to return on the following morning in time sufficient to accompany Charles to London, he took his departure.

The moment he had left the Hall, Charles found his mind considerably relieved; for though he could not bring himself to speak on the subject to others, yet he felt much repugnance to Master Surface's society, when that society was

to be shared with his nearest and dearest friends; it was only then that he enjoyed his return home in uninterrupted felicity.

It has often been suggested that if men were wise, if they were imbued with a little true philosophy, they would invariably, as the phrase runs, "let well alone." It may also have been asked, why a young man, possessed of all he ought in reason to desire, should be sent forth into the world to fight or feel his way among friends and foes, and to risk the reaping of a harvest of discontent with that which had once sufficed his proudest wishes. Why should he, virtuous and open-hearted, be thrown among the vicious, and thus, as it were, be sent to run a chance of catching those diseases of the mind from which he had hitherto remained free? Charles Sandron was rich, was contented, and happy; he was known to a sufficient circle of friends to have exchanged with them every courtesy of his day, and he possessed the affec-

tions of a young and beautiful girl, whom, of his own observation, through the whole course of her inoffensive life, he had known, and knew to be as pure as the first snow that falls on the glacier's frozen brow. It may be stated that men *would* be happier were they to confine their ideas, their hopes and expectations, to a limited sphere, or to their family fireside. But if they did, if each man considered his own immediate comfort more than the well-being of the community, if hearts no longer responded to the shout of public praise, or beat in noble emulation of the glorious passages of former years, how selfish, how insignificantly degraded, humanity would soon become!

Charles Sandron had all these blessings we have enumerated, and yet he wished to see a little of the world; whether that which he did see tended to increase his happiness, or whether, on seeing, he selected well, can only be explained in the sequel of this history.

The day on which Master Surface left the Hall was spent by Charles in the society of his betrothed; it passed, as all such sunny days must ever pass, with the celerity of wings: and when he mounted his horse the next morning to commence his solitary ride to town (for his friend, Master Surface, had not returned), it seemed to him that his visit had been but of an hour's duration. He reached his lodging in the Strand in time to keep his appointment with Lord Orford.

CHAPTER VII.

"When first you courted me, I own
I fondly favoured you;
Apparent worth and high renown
Made me believe you true.
Each virtue, then, seem'd to adorn
The man esteemed by me;
But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn
To waste one thought on thee."

HAVING exchanged his riding-dress for one more suited to the occasion, Charles Sandron repaired at once to Lord Orford, who, though impeached by the Commons, was not arrested for high treason. He found that nobleman seated at a table on which were arranged a number of papers and other documents, some of which bore relation to the treaty of 1698, while on others

appeared the name of the celebrated pirate, Captain Kidd. Lord Orford held out his hand and received him kindly, when Charles presented him with the letter of introduction from Sir Stamford.

"And why, my young friend, did you not present me with this letter before?" asked Lord Orford.

Charles felt the blood rise to his temples, as he replied, "that he had heard his lordship was too much engaged to receive it."

Lord Orford fixed his eyes on him and rejoined, "No, no, not a bit of it; I am never too much engaged by my own affairs to forget or neglect the interest of my friends. My misfortunes, or rather those of my country — for it becomes a national evil when a majority can be found in the House of Commons, so cursed by party-spirit as to make the conscientious acts of a preceding ministry the grounds of an impeachment of high treason—even now leave me time to attend to Sir Stamford's request. By the

Lord! the Tories, though they set us bad example in many instances, have never done so as to the not backing of their friends, for when do they throw place or promotion away, or leave a single soul in office who is not their proselyte? What acquaintances have you in town? whom have you seen, and who was it that acted as your adviser in your late affair with Captain Cawthorne? You see I know something of your movements."

Charles replied, "that his friend, on that occasion, was Master Surface."

"Do you know any thing of that gentleman who introduced him to you?"

Sandron confessed that he was a chance acquaintance.

"Then," continued Lord Orford, "*you* only know him according to his own introduction; but I suspect that he bears another name or two besides; at all events, I advise you to be as little in that gentleman's company as possible."

Sandron then informed him that he had taken a single lodging for himself in the Strand, and that he would endeavour to follow Lord Orford's advice, indeed, he had parted with Master Surface in the country. Lord Orford did not ask him *where* he had parted from his friend, if he had, Charles felt how painful would have been the acknowledgment that he had left him in the bosom of his family.

Sandron was now kindly assured by Lord Orford that, during his residence in town, he would ever find a vacant chair at his table, and that he would also introduce him to some of the leading men in his own rank of life, who would be delighted to shew him the most fashionable places of resort. In return for this," continued Lord Orford, "your father is aware that I am going to ask a favour of you."

Charles replied, that he should be but too happy to attend to any commands.

"It is thus, then, my good young friend; you

must know that, in preparing my defence against the impeachment of the House of Commons, I have to refer to papers, and to a correspondence, the greater part of which I feel reluctant to submit to the perusal of a hired secretary. In your faith and honour, and in the friendship which has so long and so happily subsisted between our houses, I can safely rely; will you, therefore, undertake to make such abstracts and copies from various letters and documents as I may think it necessary to point out?"

Sandron felt proud of the proffered confidence, and expressed himself willing to undertake the task, when, in a short time, he found himself surrounded by papers, and writing according to the dictation of his noble friend. We must leave him there in his new and laborious occupation, and return to the Hall of his father.

Charles Sandron had not left home on his return to town for more than a hour, when Master Surface arrived there. Having expressed his

sorrow to Sir Stamford and Lady Sandron at the unavoidable delay of some business, which prevented his return in time to have joined their son, Surface accepted a renewed invitation to remain at the Hall till the following morning; Louisa also remained to dinner, and, at the request of Lady Sandron, continued with them till it was time to depart for the night; she was then to repair to the rectory, where her father was confined from a slight indisposition, brought on by a recent and unremitting attendance on one of his parishioners, who was on his death-bed.

During that evening, the attentions of Master Surface, where Louisa was concerned, were of the most distant yet attentive and deferential description; and when she arose for the purpose of walking to the Rectory, under the care of a female attendant, he also proffered his services as an escort, when, as he seemed most civilly resolved to take no denial, she, with the hearty concurrence of Sir Stamford, accepted them.

During their walk Surface spoke of her betrothed with a sigh, certainly, yet in tones of praise and sincere attachment; and, on taking his leave at the gate, expressed a wish to be permitted to visit the Rectory, as he had frequently admired from a distance its well arranged and venerable appearance. Louisa said she should be but too happy to shew it to him, when it was agreed that he should present himself there the following morning.

The morrow found him true to his appointment. Louisa, who received him alone, Dr. Marmaduke being still too much indisposed to quit his chamber, was first made aware of Master Surface's approach by the bounding away, from the lawn, of her favourite doe, who, though she did not usually betray any remarkable timidity at the vicinity of a stranger, seemed to have taken an especial dislike to the appearance of this gentleman.

"Can I be the bearer of any commands to

town?" inquired Master Surface on his entrance; "have you no message or letter to be delivered to our mutual friend, Charles? he will, or at least *he ought* to be, most anxious to hear from you."

This was said with a sigh; Louisa replied that she had a note which she would trouble him to deliver, and accordingly presented him with one for that purpose.

Master Surface continued: —

"How different Charles must find his new situation in London, to the quiet, secluded, and delightful life he used to lead here! And if he dislikes London as much as I do — its vices, its follies, and its hours—he will soon wish himself back again with a companion so fair and virtuous as you are."

Louisa bowed to the compliment, and, inviting Master Surface to accompany her, led the way into the garden.

"I know not," she said, in the course of conversation, "what it is that oppresses me, but,

Master Surface, I have been so low-spirited all last night and this morning, that at one time I thought I should not have had the courage to receive you. Philosophers may affect to laugh at such a sensation, but there is an indefinable dread of some misfortune about to happen to me, which no power that I am mistress of can dispel. I confess I think it possible that Heaven, in its inscrutable ordinances, may have given some secret power of this description to the human mind, in order that we may be prepared for or forewarned of inevitable danger. Animals, birds, and even plants, have an innate perception of the coming storm, why, therefore, should not we be gifted in a similar degree?"

"A philosopher would combat you thus, fair lady," replied Master Surface; "he would say that he could account for the knowledge of an approaching storm being conveyed to the instinct of animals and plants through atmospheric influences, but he would doubt any revelation of

the same description being made to man on the proximity of misfortune; indeed, the Scotch, who are gifted seers in all such matters, say, that if you see a person in unusual and remarkably high spirits, it is but too often the precursor of death. The depression, sweet lady, which you complain of, may arise from some trifling indisposition, or from the knowledge that one so long and so dearly known to you as our mutual friend Charles has been, is so lately cast forth into the wicked world, at his age and inexperience, to face more dangers and temptations than could have beset the path of that parent of the desert, Saint Anthony."

"You seem, sir, to have but a poor opinion of the gay world," replied Louisa, "but yet I may not think that it is so bad as you represent it, else why do people flock there? I have several friends in London, on whose esteem I set the highest value, and they reside there for the greater part of their lives, by choice."

"They may have near and dear relatives engaged in the business of life," said Surface, "and they therefore wish to be near them: could I have my own way, I would never set foot in London again. Oh, I have seen the best, the most virtuous young men ruined by a *few hours*' introduction to its vicious ordinations."

"But that," rejoined Louisa, "must have only been when their hearts were predisposed to prefer evil to good, and not when the mind had been well arranged and refined by precept and example."

"Yes," continued Master Surface, "I assure you I have seen young men of the brightest promise so dazzled by the novelty of temptation — so besotted, if I may use such an expression, with the sin that surrounded them, as in a *few hours* to turn their backs on the doctrine of years; ay — and even to forget their earliest hopes and affections."

"Well, but, Master Surface," exclaimed

Louisa, her lovely features alive with the interest she began to take in the conversation, "now suppose we take our mutual friend. Charles; I should declare it impossible for such a heart and disposition as his to be corrupted or even contaminated by the guilt of other people; nay, more—that seeing the plague-spot on others would only confirm him in all righteous relations, and tend to keep him healthful and untouched. Oh! I know the beauty of his mind *so* well—his honour—his high and chivalrous feeling—he *could* not be degraded by the force of example."

"He *ought* not to be, but still he *might* be so estranged."

"He might—it is impossible; but how is this?" exclaimed Louisa, in much anxiety; "you shake your head, look sad, and sigh; surely, surely you do not mean to insinuate that in this short time Charles has fallen a prey to the wickedness you describe?"

Surface cast his eyes on the ground and was silent.

"Speak," cried Louisa, gasping for breath—"your silence, sir, alarms me; *he* cannot—must not—oh, he *has* not had time to lose the recollection of his home—of—of—oh, do not *hint* at things so dark, if he has been entrapped to do or think that which is wrong—speak out, Master Surface, I conjure you, in a tone which may be understood by me, and have power to recall him from the yet scarce trodden path."

"Lady," replied Master Surface, meekly folding his arms upon his breast, "when I came to take leave of you this morning, I little thought that you would have drawn my secret from me; I love Charles Sandron, as you are aware—I would risk my life to save him—I would have guided him—I would have pointed out the dangers of the world—but, alas! he has thrown off all restraint. Because I ventured to remonstrate, he has quitted the decent house of the old servant

of his family and taken a lodging in the Strand, that he may the better escape my well-intentioned caution, the surveillance of one whom he thinks might report to his father, and be nearer to the haunts of vice and folly."

Louisa paused for an instant in her walk, her eyes fixed upon the ground; suddenly she raised them, and beheld her companion intently gazing at her. She approached him, and, laying her hand emphatically on his arm, inquired, "Have you told this to Sir Stamford?—have you told it to his mother?"

"Nay, lady," replied Surface, "reflect—you have drawn my secret from me; it was with no premeditated intention that I imparted to you the news, and I have now one favour to crave of your generosity, as it is more on Charles Sandron's account than on my own, I am sure your goodness will not hesitate to grant it. The favour I allude to is—that as I yet hope to wean our friend from the dangerous fascination, the

species of witchcraft to which he has yielded—the power which *she* —— But you are ill, sweet lady, let me lead you to a seat." As he said this, Louisa reeled as if his words had pierced her brain.

" No, no," she exclaimed, resisting his offer, and momentarily recovering herself—" proceed, sir; let not your kindness for others prevent your finishing the sentence. You spoke, but now, of a third person?"

" I did so, lady, but I regret it, as it seems to have inflicted so much pain on you."

" You mistake me, Master Surface, it was but a passing headache to which I am subject; I beseech you to resume and tell me all."

" Well then, lady," continued Surface, " if it must be told—and perhaps, as I have unwittingly alluded to so much, the rest had better be disclosed—know then that Charles has hastily and unfortunately formed an attachment to a lady of some notoriety, whom he wished to place under

the roof of his father's servant, at the Hercules' Pillars, had not the honest indignation of the worthy man frustrated his intentions. I have here a letter in proof of what I say, this is from the man who keeps that coffeehouse, it is addressed to me, and runs thus: — 'I hope that your honour will intercede for me with my young Master Sandron, for I fear that in my zeal for his welfare and the honour of my good old master's house, in shutting my doors against the lady he was anxious I should receive, I may have offended him; he has left me for a lodging in the Strand.'"

Master Surface paused — Louisa's eyes were filled with tears, and, in spite of all her efforts, her mind gave way, and she suffered him to conduct her to a seat in that very summer-house where she had so often sat with Charles, and where she had listened while her father bestowed upon him a parting admonition and a blessing.

Surface did not attempt to sit beside her, but

remained at a respectful distance, wrapped, as it were, in silent sorrow. He now proceeded to fold the letter, and, drawing from his bosom some others with which it seemed to be his wish to tie it up, a piece of pink ribbon slipped as if accidentally from his hand, and fell at the feet of Louisa. There was a peculiar knot in that ribbon, and to it her attention became riveted;—it used to sustain the locket she had hung round Charles's neck, and was the fastening which, when stained, he had torn from its post of honour and cast away. With eyes open, and at the moment tearless, she exclaimed, as she raised it from the floor, "How came you by this ribbon?" Surface seemed embarrassed, but made no reply. She continued — "This ribbon, sir, was once mine. I ask — nay, I command you to tell me how it came into your possession!"

"Forgive me, lady; as you ask it, I must tell the truth," replied Surface—"if, in doing so, I incur your displeasure, you will, I trust, bear in

mind that I offend not intentionally. That ribbon was attached to a locket containing a beautiful lock of hair — that it was your's I knew, from hearing poor dear Charles proclaim as much to the guests at a supper-table. He wrenched the locket from its fastening, and threw the ribbon from him, when I, thinking that even a ribbon which had once belonged to so matchless a creature as he to us described ought never to be lightly cast aside or touched by unhallowed hands, caught it ere it reached the ground, and, unseen by him, deposited it in the bosom of my vest, where it has remained to this hour."

Louisa flung the ribbon from her in marked disdain, when, though Surface followed it with his eyes and with a visible expression of a wish to possess it again, he dared not pick it up. There was then a long and painful silence, which was at length broken by Master Surface, who, kneeling at her feet, thus addressed her :—

" Lady, I fear me I have done wrong, but, if I have, it has been unintentionally. I came

not here with a wish to divulge the secrets of my friend, or to pain you, who love him, with such degrading disclosures. I have long made up my mind to be silent when I could not praise, yet, though I am a man of the world, your innocence, your beauty, and your wrongs, have overcome the cold and cautious policy of my heart; and I, who would have given worlds to have made you happy, have been the means of suffusing those lovely eyes with tears, and of lowering the friend, whom I yet love better than myself, in your estimation."

"Rise, Master Surface," exclaimed Louisa, quitting at the same time her seat—"blame not yourself, if any one is in fault, I am, for having drawn your secret from you; your feelings do honour to your heart. You will acquaint Sir Stamford with that which you have told me, and my father shall know it when sufficiently recovered to bear such disclosures;—to be acquainted with the evil tidings, in his present debilitated state, would be more than he could

endure. Rise, sir — Master Surface — I entreat!"

"No, lady, I will not rise till you pledge me your word that the conversation which has passed between us shall, for the present, be held sacred from all others, for the sake of our poor friend, Charles, dear to us still." (Louisa made a scornful inclination with her head.) "At least, dear as he is to me, I would not for worlds acquaint his parents; it would render his mother miserable, and anger Sir Stamford sufficiently to make him adopt some hasty and ill-advised measure tending to confirm and establish Charles more deeply among the vicious set with whom he is now surrounded. No, no; I beseech you, lady, as you once loved him—for the sake of his family —for the sake of his faithfully attached friend, who has thus been betrayed into a communication of which his heart disapproves, let the publication of his first false step, for the present, go no further; but let me try by gentle means to

reclaim him, and to bring him back to worship at that shrine, which, in his better moments, he must prefer to all the world besides. (Master Surface rose.) You will promise me, then—I read it in your eyes?"

Louisa held out her hand and assented; bending his knee gracefully, he kissed it—and had retired a few steps on his way to the garden-gate, when he stopped, turned round, and drew forth the letter which she had entrusted him to deliver to Charles. He held it aloft for her to see, and with some hesitation in look and manner asked—"if he was still to deliver it?"

"No, sir," replied Louisa; "and yet, stay—yes, you may deliver it; it is, perhaps, the last communication he may ever have from me."

Master Surface placed it in his bosom, bowed low, and retired; when, as he left the garden, the doe, being relieved of the presence of the object of her dislike, came bounding joyfully in, and joined her weeping mistress.

CHAPTER VIII.

Let's sing to the Ministry's praise,
With hearts most thankful and glad,
For the statesmen of these our days
Are the wisest that ever we had.

But not to wander too far
In the maze of their endless merit,
I'll give you one instance most rare
Of their vigilance, wisdom, and spirit.

OLD WHIG BALLAD.

We must now return to Charles Sandron, who had been engaged all the forenoon in copying out and in arranging the papers of the friend of his father. Charles dined with Lord Orford, and in the evening their party was joined by the young Lord Grimston, who, though he differed in politics, was on the most intimate

terms with the house of Orford. Dinner being over, the two young men agreed to repair to the House of Commons to hear a debate, though none of any great importance were expected to come on, and there being room, they obtained very good seats immediately behind the chair allotted to the sergeant-at-arms.

Many of the leading members of either party were in their places, and there was a pretty good attendance in point of numbers, both on the Whig and Tory side. Sir John Prosemont, a man of some property, an ultra-liberal of the day, and a supporter of the Whigs, was about to ask leave of the House to introduce some measures as ridiculous in their object as their tendency was wild and mischievous, and which the best men of each party had determined to crush at the very onset. The galleries, as usual, both above and below, were filled with strangers, among whom were many ladies. Underneath the Stranger's Gallery, in the seats permitted to the

peers, sat Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Buckingham, both members of the administration, the upper house, for the time being, having adjourned. The Speaker, Mr. Harley, member for New Radnor, was in the chair, Sir John Prosemont had been called on, and had for some time commenced his address, facetiously rather than otherwise, as it appeared to strangers from the inclination to merriment more than deliberation which pervaded the House. He continued as follows.

"But now, sir, one word in sober sadness; I am of opinion that gentlemen's being wanting to themselves, is the decay of their estates, and lowering of their rents.* ('Hear, hear!' from both sides of the House.) Now, in order to their bringing them to the same rate and value, if not to a better than they formerly were, I humbly propose that these several particulars following, which can only be done by act of Par-

* See Proposals to Parliament, 1673. Harleian Miscellany.

liament, (cries of 'We know it! Order, order!') may be enacted as laws. First, I propose, that a stop be put to any further buildings in or about the cities of London and Westminster, Borough of Southwark, or in any place within the weekly bills of mortality, (laughter) the head being already too big for the body, (continued laughter.) The untimely mirth of gentlemen opposite shall not deter me from stating in continuation (increased laughter and ironical cries of 'Hear!') that a year's value of all houses built upon new foundations shall, by the owners of such houses, be paid to the queen, towards the liquidation of public debts, (whispers 'Of his own, too,') which would advance above three hundred thousand pounds, (vehement cheers from seven dingy-looking gentlemen on the ultra-liberal benches, who seemed pleased at the mere mention of an advance of funds.)

"Secondly. That all the nobility and gentry of England, who have estates in the country, and

are not obliged — yes, sir, I say it — are not obliged to attend on her Majesty by reason of their offices, be enjoined with their families to live where their estates do lie so many months in each year, as to the wisdom of Parliament shall seem meet. (Cries of 'Oh, oh!' from all respectably-dressed members who had country-houses, answered by cheers from dingy-looking members who had none.)

"Thirdly. That an act for a general naturalizing of all foreign Protestants be passed, and an assurance of liberty of conscience given to all that shall come over into England, and place themselves and families amongst us: and that the same privilege be given to her Majesty's subjects at home. (Loud cheers.)

"Fourthly. That the act for the prohibition of the importation of Irish cattle be repealed. (cries of 'We want none of them here!') and a trade between the two kingdoms established; whereby her Majesty's revenue of customs would

be advanced above eighty thousand pounds a year. (Loud cheers.)

"Fifthly. That brandy and rum, coffee and tea, be prohibited, and coffee-houses suppressed, ('Oh, oh!') which may be done without any diminution of her Majesty's revenue of excise, ('Oh, oh, oh!')

"Sixthly. I fear I shall tire the House. (Cheers, and 'Hear, hear, hear! No, no!' and 'Go on!')

"Seventhly. That the multitude of stage-coaches and caravans now travelling upon the roads, be all or most of them suppressed, ('Oh, oh!') especially those within forty or fifty miles of London, where they are no way necessary, ('Hear,' and 'Oh!') and yet most numerous and mischievous, ('Oh, oh!') and that a due regulation be made of such as shall be thought fit to be continued. (Cries of 'Oh,' and cheers.) Now, sir, in order to convince the House, ('No, no!') No, no! I say, sir, yes — yes! in order to

convince the House of the necessity of prohibiting any further buildings in and about London and Westminster, and of the gentry's being confined to live some part of the year upon their estates in the country ; good heavens ! I desire every serious, scientific, sagacious, and considerate person that knows London and Westminster, and the suburbs thereof forty or fifty years ago, when England was far richer and more populous than she is now—('Hear, hear!') The Honourable Member for Sarum may cheer ironically, but I state the fact. (Cheers, and 'Oh, oh, oh!') I ask that Honourable Member—I ask any honourable member, whether by additional buildings upon new foundations, the said cities and suburbs since that time are not become at least a third part bigger than they were, (cheers) and whether in those days they were not thought and found large enough to give a due reception to all persons that were fit or had occasion to rest therein, or to resort

thither? ('Hear, hear!') Why, (turning round triumphantly to the seven dingy gentlemen who sat immediately behind him) even in those days all further buildings on new foundations were prohibited. (Loud cheers from the party so immediately addressed.) In the face of these startling facts, nevertheless, above thirty thousand houses, great and small, have been since built, the whole whereof are well worthy the serious consideration of the House. (Cheers.) These houses are all inhabited: considering, then, what multitudes of whole families, formerly dwelling in and about the said cities, were cut off by the two last dreadful plagues, as, also, by the war abroad and at home, by land and by sea, and how many have transported themselves, ('Hear, hear'!) or been transported (Laughter). Honourable members need not laugh if they would hear me out — into our foreign plantations; it must naturally follow, that those who inhabit these new houses, and many of the old

ones, *must* be persons coming out of the country, which makes so many inhabitants the less there, where they are the most needful and wanting. (Cheers.) The occasion of the rents of lands falling every year, arises not so much from land growing worse, as because of the want of tenants with good stock to manage the farms they take. (Cheers.) I shall reserve further argument on this head for a future occasion, and proceed to comment for a very few moments ('Hear, hear, hear!') on the sixth proposal. Now, sir. That the multitude of stage-coaches and caravans now travelling upon the roads, may all, or most of them, be suppressed, especially those within forty or fifty or sixty miles of London, where they are no way necessary; and that a due regulation be made of such as shall be thought fit to be continued. (Cries of 'Ho, ho!' and 'Hear.') I maintain, sir, that these coaches and caravans *are* one of the greatest mischiefs that hath happened of late years to the kingdom, mischievous

to the public, destructive to trade, and prejudicious to land. ('Oh, oh !' and cheers.)

"First, by destroying the breed of good horses, the strength of the nation, and making men careless of attaining to good horsemanship, a thing so useful and commendable in a gentleman ('Hear, hear !') Secondly, by hindering the breed of watermen (cries of 'What, what ! Hear !' and laughter). I repeat it, sir—hindering the breed of watermen, who are the nursery, the seeds, as it were, of seamen (laughter), who are the bulwark of the kingdom. ('Hear, hear !') Thirdly, by lessening her Majesty's revenues. ('Hear!') I will, sir, undertake to shew, at the proper time, that stage-coaches mainly prevent the breed of good horses, destroy those that are bred, and effeminate her Majesty's subjects ('How ?'). How ! an honourable member asks how. Why, those who use themselves to travel in them never attain it themselves, or breed up their children to good horsemanship, whereby they are rendered inca-

pable of serving their country on horseback, if occasion should call for the same. By riding in a coach they become weary and listless, and incapable of bodily exertion, unable to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodge in the fields. ('Hear, hear!') Is there any member who will venture to get up in his place, and declare that the sole reason for their incapability to bear hardship does not arise from their using themselves thus tenderly, by riding in stage-coaches? ('Hear, hear!') Again I appeal to the House: what encouragement hath any man to breed horses whilst these coaches are continued? If a man does continue to breed, it must be to please his own fancy; unless it is *for* his fancy, he will do as most breeders have already done—give over his employment. ('Hear, hear!') Will any man keep a horse for himself, and another for his servant, all the year merely to ride one or two journeys, while, when he has occasion, he can slip to any place where his business lies, for two, three, or

four shillings, if within twenty miles of London, and so proportionably to any part of England? (cheers.) No; there is no man who would do so, unless it may be some noble soul, who scorns and abhors being confined to so ignoble, base, and sordid a way of travelling as the coaches force him into, and who prefers a public good to his own ease and advantage. (Cheers from all parts of the House.)

"Will the House believe it? there are forty horses only employed, between London and York, to draw a coach to and fro, holding six persons, thrice a week; now, take it for granted that all those persons so carried from London are the same that are brought back, yet are there nine hundred and eighty-six passengers carried by forty horses; whereas, were it not for these coaches, at least five hundred horses would be required to perform this work. ('Hear, hear, hear!') But enough for the present of this; let us look to the breeding of watermen (laughter). I maintain, sir, in spite of the untimely

merriment of those opposite, that coaches hinder, if not totally put an end to, the breeding of watermen (continued laughter), and that they discourage those that are bred; for, there being stage-coaches set up unto every little town upon the river Thames, or both sides of the water, from London as high as Windsor and Maidenhead, and so from London Bridge to and from Gravesend, these are the conveyances for all letters, little bundles, and passengers, which before were carried by water, and kept watermen in full employment, occasioning their increase, whereof there never was greater occasion than now (cheers.) If I have not done so already, I will, at a future stage of the bill, prove to the House that, if these coaches were down, watermen would be up, would have work, and be encouraged to take apprentices, whereby the breed would greatly be increased. (Laughter, and cries of 'Question.') One word more, sir; I will not detain the House two minutes, as I see it is

growing impatient. (Loud cries of 'Hear,' and other noises, during which the honourable member continued his address in dumb show; at last he threatened to adjourn the House, when silence was at length obtained.)

"These coaches and caravans are also destructive of the trade and manufacture of the kingdom; they have impoverished and ruined many thousands of families, whose subsistence depended on the manufacturing of wool. Yes, sir; we have lost leather (roars of laughter). Oh! I wish the people of old England could see this! I wish the poor, suffering, starving trades, the failing mother and the famished child, could see how a description of their wrongs was received by their assembled parliament; a liberal one, too, as it affects to call itself (cheers, and cries of 'Oh! oh!'). I say it in the teeth of those who wish to cry me down, that we have lost (laughter), in the *manufactory* of wool and leather, two of the staple commodities of the kingdom. Before these coaches

were set up, travellers rode on horseback; men had boots, spurs, saddles, bridles, saddle-cloths, riding-suits, coats and cloaks, stockings and hats, whereby the wool and leather of the kingdom was consumed, and the poor people kept at work in carding, combing, spinning, knitting, weaving, and fulling, and your cloth-workers, drapers, tailors, saddlers, tanners, curriers, shoemakers, spurriers, lorimers, and felt-makers, had a good employ. Now, by means of these coaches, these trades, and many others depending on them, are become almost useless, or are cast upon their different parishes ('Hear, hear!'). One word more ('Question, question,' and vast uproar); the girdlers, sword-cutlers, gunsmiths, trunk-makers, are all involved in the common ruin. Gentlemen, before they travelled in coaches, used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmanteaus, hatcases ('Oh, oh!' and confusion), while, in these coaches, they have little or no occasion for them. When they journeyed on horseback they

rode in one suit, and carried another to wear at the journey's end, or at places where they tarried by the way; but now, in coaches, a silk suit and an Indian gown, with a sash, silk stockings, and a beaver-hat, is sufficient, because they escape that dirt which, on horseback, they could not avoid. I therefore beg to move—" (Here the noise of members going in and out of the House, and crossing from one side to the other, was so great as to overwhelm every thing else; but, on the motion being read by the clerk, the Speaker, having obtained order, asked, "Who seconds the motion?"

Mr. Ascuvot then rose, and spoke as follows:

"In offering myself, sir, as the seconder of the motion just made by my honourable friend, and to press upon the House its very great importance, I should feel great diffidence, but that the eloquent speech we have just heard—a speech not more remarkable for its temper, moderation, and perspicuity, than for the immense mass of mat-

ter it contains—has swept away with augean force many of those obstacles that, at first sight, might have seemed to have encumbered the path (cheers). So little do the stagers themselves object to being put down (cries of 'Name, name!' and 'Which, the men or the horses?')—I *will* name; I am come here prepared to grapple with the facts, and boldly do I assert that all concerned are ready to agree to the measure, except those of Exeter, Salisbury, Dorchester, Bristol, Southampton, Dover, Norwich, Lincoln, York, West-Chester, Worcester, and Shrewsbury (laughter, and cries of 'Any more?'), who all dignify themselves with the name of stage-coachmen of the grand roads of England. Sir, I *do* tell the House that there is not one of these objecting owners of coaches but hath other ways to live, provided they were prohibited from driving; they are all either innholders, harness-makers, carriers, or licensed coachmen in London; and they may, in the event of their stage-

coaches being put down, live in the same ease and affluence as the rest of the hackney-coachmen in London now do. ('Hear!') Sir, I *do* not deny that it may be argued on the other side, that these objecting coachmen have laid out all their stock in their present employment; that they must, if put down, be undone; and that they constitute a body of at least two thousand souls. ('Hear, hear!') But what of that? of two evils we must choose the least. ('Hear, hear!') Have *they* not, as my honourable friend has so ably proved, already destroyed very many thousand families? 'as well to take my life as steal the bread by which I live' (cheers). Will not the continuing of these coaches utterly ruin many thousands more? Is the interest of these surly, rude, and depraved coachmen to be weighed against the balance of the general good? oh, no, it cannot, cannot be (cheers). Fully do I concur in the object of my honourable friend; and, if stage-coaches are to be permitted at all, then

limit them to one to every shire town in England, let them start once a week, backwards and forwards, and work through the journey with the same horses they set forth with, and not travel above thirty-five miles a day in summer, and twenty-five in winter, shitting their inns every journey, to the just diffusion of an equal trade (cheers). These coaches, so limited, would be sufficient to carry the sick and the lame, that the enemies of the measure pretend cannot travel on horseback. Being thus regulated, they would do little or no harm, more especially if all be suppressed within forty or fifty miles of London, where they are no way necessary, and yet so highly destructive."

The honourable member sat down amidst cheers from all parts of the House; but whether the applause was occasioned by the method of his delivery, or from the rejoicing of the House that his speech was over, our hero could not very well understand. On the question

being put, " that leave be given to bring in the bill," the ayes were very faint, the noes loud and prolonged ; consequently, the Speaker, in direct opposition to the evidence of his senses, declared that " the ayes had it ;" when several members, with greater truth, replied that " the noes had it ;" and strangers were ordered to withdraw. that the House might be counted.

It was not always the custom, at the period of which we are writing, to clear the House of *all* strangers, unless they happened to sit in such places as to be intermixed with the members of the legislation ; such clearance being only with a view to avoid mistakes in counting the numbers, and not with any intention of secrecy ; and, as it was not easy to mistake the head-gear of a woman for the hat of a man, females were *never* ordered to withdraw.

It seemed that, on this evening, Sir John Prosemont had invited many of his private friends

to be present; and, the Speaker supposing, perhaps, that the unusual number of male strangers might interfere with the division, had ordered the gallery to be entirely cleared: this seemed to give Sir John and his supporters great offence, and, in order to shew their spleen, Captain Johnstone of the Navy, commonly called Governor Johnstone, rose, and insisted that *all* strangers (including the ladies of course) *should* withdraw.* This ungallant and unusual proceeding was the cause of much altercation. Many members insisted that the ladies had a right to remain, while others held a contrary conclusion; high words were the consequence: members interrupted each other—lost their tempers; and many of the more timid ones indulged in violent expressions and martial insinuations, because they well knew that the authority of the Speaker

* Captain Johnstone was the first person who moved their expulsion from the House. — See Hatsell's Precedents.

would be exercised to prevent any absolute breach of the peace.

The House resounded with cries of "Order, order!" and "Chair, chair!" during which the ladies, who had risen from their seats, remained uncertain of the course they should pursue, and unwilling to give up what they had long considered as their peculiar privilege. This scene of confusion and altercation lasted for two hours, when it was at length determined that the House should be cleared of *all* strangers, and the ladies were obliged to submit.*

The House was then counted, when there appeared, for leave to bring in the bill, nine, tellers included; against it, one hundred and fifty-three: and this, the honourable member, Sir John Prosemont, called, *dividing* the House. An order was then issued by the Speaker, that none but the male strangers might be allowed to return; however, more than one or two ladies

* See Hatsell's Precedents.

did contrive to gain admittance to the galleries, and, without coming very forward, were peeping over the shoulders of the gentlemen, when the Speaker, looking up and applying his glass to his eye, good-naturedly exclaimed, "What borough do those ladies serve for?"

Governor Johnstone, with much coarseness, replied, "They serve for the Speaker's chamber."*

"Perhaps," rejoined Sir John, who had that moment entered the House, "Mr. Speaker may mistake them for gentlemen with fine sleeves dressed like ladies."

"No; I am sure I saw petticoats," reiterated the Speaker, amidst much laughter; "ladies *must* withdraw."

From that period, with the exception of their appearances in the ventilator in the old House,

* This was previously said by Sir William Coventry, on a somewhat similar occasion, on the first of June, 1675.—See Gray's Debates.

to the present day, ladies have never again been admitted, although, according to Hatsell, at the time of their first exclusion, "many of the highest rank made powerful efforts to obtain the former indulgence, but without effect."

The Commons of England constitute the only legislative assembly in the civilized world where ladies are denied admittance. In France, in Holland, in the United States—in all—as well as in our own House of Peers, they are permitted to grace the assembly with their presence, and we have never yet heard a single valid objection why they should not do so.

After the debate, Charles Sandron and his friend, Lord Grimston, repaired, on the invitation of the latter, to Button's Coffee-House, where used to assemble many of the leading wits of the day. On entering the coffee-room, the floor of which was strewn with sand instead of being richly carpeted, as it would have been now, Lord Grimston introduced our hero to the

great Addison, then the oracle of the party who used to make that house their rendezvous; also to Ambrose Phillips, Dillon Ashe, Steel, and Colly Cibber. This latter personage had not then been aroused from the lethargic and vicious trance into which he had fallen, or been shaken from his slavish dependence upon the great and fashionable, by the galling hand of Pope, who, according to Warburton, "nailed him up by way of terrible example to other vermin," and, by the severity of his remarks in the Dunciad, elicited "the Apology for Cibber's Life."

"Well, my Lord Grimston," said Addison,* "here we are again assembled for the feast of reason and the flow of soul, political feeling nearly buried in oblivion, and party animosity forgotten; no drinking to the health of Sorrel,† or to the little gentleman in velvet;‡ we toast

* Addison was remarkable for moderation in politics.

† The horse from which the king received his fall.

‡ The mole who raised the hill over which the horse fell.

nothing but wit and our lady's beauty, as Colly there well knows, and can assure you, if he can make himself heard from between the folds of that voluminous wig. But whom have we here?—the mad parson once more, by my life.*"

As thus he spoke, a sombre, but commanding-looking person entered, with broad dark eyebrows, and who at once riveted the attention of the whole room. Placing his hat on a table, he proceeded to walk backwards and forwards at a brisk pace, with his hands behind him, and in a musing mood, apparently unconscious of the presence of others. At length he made a sudden pause, exactly opposite a gentleman, who, by his appearance, boots, and the cut of his garments, was certainly a resident of the country, probably a gentleman-farmer of the best description.

"Sir," exclaimed the mad parson, addressing the country gentleman in a very abrupt man-

* See Memoirs of Swift.

ner, "pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?"

The person thus addressed having stared at the singularity of manner in his interrogator, as well as at the oddity of the question, replied:—

"Yes, sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time."

"That is more," replied the mad person, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold, too wet, or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."

Having said this, the eccentric personage, without uttering a syllable more, took up his hat and was proceeding from the room, when he was met by a gentleman at the door, who seized him by the hand, and appeared delighted to see him.

"Why?" whispered Dillon Ashe, making a sign, with his head towards the door, "only

observe ; the great Mister Congreve *grieves* not to associate with the bewildered Divine ; who the deuce can *he* be ?*

All further remark was then prevented by Congreve's walking up to Addison, taking hold of the arm of the eccentric person, and introducing him to the company by the name of Swift.† Swift was but little known at the time of his introduction to Addison ; Sir William Temple, Congreve, and a few others, were aware of his talents, yet he had then only published, anonymously, "The Battle of the Books," and "The Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome." There was always an indescribable something which drew personal attention upon Swift, and Addison seemed to be remarkably struck with him

* Mr. Dillon Ashe was, as has been before remarked, a most incorrigible punster of his day.

† Addison afterwards presented his Travels to Swift, thus—"To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."—Scott's Memoirs of Swift.

from the moment of his introduction, entering into conversation with him, and appearing to be delighted with the caustic humour of his remarks. Charles Sandron was highly pleased with his new acquaintances; and while he was amused by the wit and repartee of the party, coarse as the nature of it sometimes was, as much from the license of a coffee-room as from the custom of the times, yet, when they argued on more lofty subjects, there was a wide field of speculation opened before him, which afforded ample food for the enlargement and improvement of his mind.

Political discussions at these convivial meetings were generally avoided, and the lighter and more personal matters of the hour chiefly discussed; the era of the stage, then and about that time, perhaps, in its most brilliant ascendant, supported by the combined talents of Congreve, Vanburgh, Farquhar, Cibber, Wilkes, Booth, Doggett, Betterton, and Mistresses Oldfield,

Porter, Barry, and Bracegirdle, forming a never-failing topic of conversation.

On this evening, however, there seeming to have been a lack of entertainment elsewhere, many of those assembled had attended the House of Commons, and the conversation turned on the motion made by Sir John Prosemont.

"By the Lord," exclaimed Sir William Congreve, "what an ultra ass that man made of himself! he does not want for talents either, and he speaks well enough, with a flow of words and a fair address; what could have induced him to have brought forward so wild a scheme?"

"Vanity," replied Swift, "all vanity, vexation, froth, and worldliness."

"How—vanity—my dear sir?" said Addison; "a man may do what is clever from vanity, but why be a fool for the same reason?"

"Simply thus," replied Swift, drawing down the arches of his dark eyebrows, so as to render

them nearly straight ; "many men are vain of notoriety, when, like this Sir John, to be notorious, and to gain the sweet voice of an unwashed and ignorant multitude, they will risk their own reputation, and all that renders life and its institutions either respectable or valuable. Sir John Prosemont *is* a man of property and rank : but because he knows that his rank and income will last his own life, he cares not what injurious seeds he may plant in the political garden of mankind to poison its future productions. In the House of Commons, as it is at present constituted, there are a number of men vastly his superiors in useful knowledge and capability, who, as they are of readier parts and quicker adoption, are so much the more apt to undertake all practical measures before the other even comprehends their nature or extent. A man of second-rate ability, if he wishes to distinguish himself, albeit unenviably, finds that he is forced to appear as the advocate of

some measure ultra, unreasonable and impracticable, as to the success of which he may be neither sanguine nor over-sedulous—the chief end, of being brought into notice by it, having been acquired. There are many men, also, who sit in the House without the shadow of a view to public utility, but merely for self-aggrandizement; such men as these you may hear declare (in proof as they think of their own disinterestedness, when they bring forward some ultra measure, by the command of the worst or most thoughtless portion of their constituents) that they care not which government is in power; such men as these would advocate the cause of Satan himself, if they thought that by so doing their own seats would be secured."

"A lamentable state of things, my dear sir, and a dangerous," replied Addison.

"Dangerous!" cried Swift, "not so in the least; the people soon get tired of these temporary and inefficient demagogues; familiarity

in such cases ever brings contempt. I should say that the best place for an ultra misleader of the multitude is our Commons' House of Parliament. It is a fine pool of water, in which to test the political drops of humanity; those who are the most beset by the leaden sin are sure to sink the deepest, till they become neglected and forgotten, while the man of real merit and sound constitutional policy, ever buoyant from true principle, maintains a lofty and graceful position as honourable as it is just."

The conversation then became general, when, after a rational evening, far different from those which he had spent in the society of Master Surface on his first introduction to London, our hero took leave of his new-made friends and withdrew.

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh, Fancy, parent of the muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse;
Sometimes, sweet nymph, thy vot'ry lead
To myrtle grove or flow'ry mead,
Where youths and soft-eyed virgins meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet.
Sometimes forsake the haunts of Folly,
To woo the pensive Melancholy;
Dejected maid—with tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh."

The moment Master Surface quitted Louisa, all that fortitude and self-possession which pride had enabled her to maintain during the recited delinquency of her betrothed at once deserted her; when, like a beautiful flower bowed down and broken by a thunder-storm, she threw herself on the seat in the summer-house, and gave way to floods of bitter tears. Each fond hope—

each tender tie that had sweetened existence and been the solace of her lonely hours seemed crushed or rent asunder : the airy castles which her youthful and ardent imagination in its dreams of summer had raised on blooming foundations for the future, with the noble picture she had delighted to draw of the man whose affections she had every reason to suppose were her's, had all fallen, or, at a single interview, been defaced by the designs of an artful villain. The lovely girl, who but an hour before was smiling in blissful content, was now reduced to that worst state of existence — the desolation of the heart. Alas ! how easy it is for cool and meditated detraction to colour the slightest fault—the merest shadow of impropriety — the heedlessness of a few hours—with the blazonry of premeditated sin ; and, by its noxious breath, to raise a cloud of overwhelming, blinding dust, from the merest dirt, which would not otherwise have soiled the foot of the passer-by.

After giving herself up to an agony of grief, Louisa raised her streaming eyes and gazed round the summer-house, as if to assure herself that it was not the effect of some horrid dream; but, as she did so, her favourite deer, attracted by her mistress's change of position, looked up in her face, while it held in its pretty mouth, gathered up from the floor, the piece of ribbon which had once sustained that which she now knew to be the discarded locket. A servant from the Rectory at this moment arrived, and, with looks of consternation, summoned Louisa to the bedside of her father.

An hour had scarcely intervened since she had quitted that apartment with an assurance from the sufferer that he was better; danger had not then entered the mind of any one, but at a glance she read more than its presence now. Death had indeed swept its inevitable hand over the features, and left there those awful traces never to be mistaken by the most unpractised

observer. The daughter knew that the father was about to die. His hand lay open on the edge of the bed; she knelt down and laid her forehead in the palm.

"My child," said the sufferer, turning his languid eyes towards her, "I have sent for thee to give thee my blessing; a more affectionate, a more dutiful daughter never cheered the heart of a parent, or made manifest the goodness and majesty of Heaven: bless thee, my child, bless thee! It has pleased the powers above to call me to the reckoning up of a life which I humbly trust has not been spent in vain; I have done my best here, and, if I have fallen short of the divine commandment, through inability to understand and dispense its inscrutable ways, still, there is mercy even for a wilful sinner. The little I have in this world is thine: this, added to the fortune which, when thou art of age, thou wilt in thy own right possess, will be more than sufficient for every justifiable desire; to our kind

friends at the Hall, and to thy aunt, Lady Monkton, now the only relative left thee in this wide world, have I entrusted thee and thy worldly affairs; may Heaven prosper all their undertakings, and keep thee in its safe custody, my own, my affectionate child!"

The good old man now sunk on his pillow, exhausted from the efforts he had made, when, after some little time, his mind seemed to wander to his favourite pursuits and studies; among them, to the study of fossil osteology and antediluvian remains.

"I had hoped," he continued, "to have lived to have seen the study of organic remains in a state of further advancement and advantage; it is but in its earliest infancy now, and has to struggle through the ridicule of the ignorant, who ever sneer at abstruse matters above their limited comprehension. Oh, how happy should I have been to have assisted in the finding the fossil remains of man, if not interspersed with,

still in coeval preservation and surrounded by the same diluvian testimony as those of the animal kingdom, which we know to have been destroyed with the then existing world. When the researches of man *shall* have discovered *that* fact, and the earth have yielded up the vast resources of her hidden caverns to illustrate the revelations of Scripture even to the satisfaction of the meanest and most heretical understanding, how will the mist of sceptical doubt and delusion fade away before the all-explanatory tomb of nature!"

While he spoke thus, his eyes were lit up with an unearthly fire; and, at that moment, Sir Stamford, who had been sent for, entered the room: he was recognized—something approaching to a smile played for an instant over the sufferer's lips—it was as if the Rector saw and greeted death in the society of his friend, rather as a welcomed guest than as an enemy whom he feared; when, taking a hand of Louisa, and

placing it in that of Sir Stamford, he sunk on his pillow and closed his eyes for ever.

Sir Stamford carried Louisa from the apartment to her own chamber—she was too ill to be taken to the Hall — but Lady Sandron arrived and watched by her during the weary night, and with the morning came Lady Monkton.

The day after our hero's visit to the House of Commons he was sitting in his new lodging, when Master Surface was announced. That gentleman entered with his accustomed ease and carelessness of manner, exclaiming — "Behold the winged messenger of Love;" then, having placed Louisa's letter in his friend's hands, he turned coolly to the window during its perusal. The communication was eagerly scanned by Charles Sandron; it was full of gentleness and first affection, and reached him in the haunts of men as the perfumed land-breeze may be supposed to do the mariner becalmed on the tropical ocean, when, for a length of time, his senses had

known no other than the fumes of the ship or the exhalations of the sluggish sea. Each word—each gentle expression contained in that letter seemed like the vivid colouring in one of the best pictures of a beautiful landscape—so tempered by propriety, so chastened by delicacy, so blended, so harmonized, that not a colour, not a declaration stood forth too prominently from the rest, and yet the impression conveyed by the whole was a scene illumined by sunshine, rest, and love.

Little did Charles Sandron imagine, when he pressed those fair characters to his lips, that they were the last he was doomed to receive from the hand which traced them; or that the villain stood before him, who had, by a single seed of hemlock artfully sown, poisoned the freshest flower of his garden. Charles placed the letter in his bosom.

"I was sorry, my dear Sandron," said Surface, "that I could not reach the Hall in time to accompany you on your return to town; however, it is an ill wind which blows no good, the late-

ness of my arrival made your excellent father insist on my company for the night, and on the following morning I was entrusted with that letter."

Charles was about to reply, when a messenger was announced who brought the tidings of the demise of Doctor Marmaduke, and of Louisa's consequent indisposition. Greatly shocked at such unexpected intelligence, Sandron hastily despatched a note to Lord Orford acquainting him with the circumstances, and then prepared for an immediate journey to his home. However, ere his departure, the messenger returned with a reply from Lord Orford, which, though it fully entered into his feelings, nevertheless begged him to be absent from London not a moment longer than was absolutely necessary; he being so advanced in the arrangement of the various papers necessary for that nobleman's defence, a serious delay and loss might arise were his services to be rendered unavailable. Charles re-

turned an assurance that nothing that he was aware of could keep him in the country for more than a few hours, and that he would resume his occupation, at the latest, on the following morning.

This matter having been arranged, forgetful of the presence of Master Surface, who still lingered in the apartment, he hastened down the Strand in the direction of his stables, when his passage was suddenly arrested by a mercantile-looking man, whom, at the moment, he never remembered to have seen before. This person placed himself immediately across the path, exclaiming, in a loud voice, " I charge you, in the Queen's name, to surrender !" then, calling upon the bystanders to assist him in securing a robber, he seized Charles Sandron by the collar. Though roughly and indignantly shaken off and knocked down, the man again renewed the attack, assisted by a crowd of people, till Charles was eventually overpowered and hurried to the

Compter. Placed before the Worshipful Master Childers, the official then in attendance, he was accused of having been in the company of four other highwaymen, on Harlington Common, or in the vicinity of Hounslow Heath, and having by his presence aided and assisted in robbing the accuser while journeying to Hampton.

As the merchant was making this charge, Charles recollected that he resembled the traveller who passed him on the road in his first ride from Colnbrook to London, while in the society of Master Surface and the smartly dressed young man, who had been introduced to him by the name of Butler, and concerning whom Master Surface had indulged in some very extraordinary remarks.

When it came to our hero's turn to speak, he protested strongly against his arrest, declaring that, though he remembered the afternoon in question, and acknowledged to have been in company with four other persons, still he had

never left the London road, as his own servant, as well as a gentleman who accompanied him, were well able to prove.

"Don't tell me," said Master Childers; "look at his boots, he looks like a highwayman; you may smile, sir. Officers, take that dreadful-looking sword from his side, we'll have none of Her Majesty's subjects murdered here. Where is this *gentleman?* send for him, sir—I should like to see him—and perhaps you will let your lackey attend likewise."

This was said in a tone intended to create a laugh among the admiring crowd, and a faint "He, he, he!" consequently followed.

"Silence, there!" said the justice, with an assumption of dignity, and *as if* he had not expected that the crowd *would* laugh. "Now, sir, there's pen and ink, of course, *all gentlemen* can write; send for your friend, I sit here to administer justice, and the meanest man in the realm shall have it." The worshipful func-

tionary again surveyed the crowd, and called forth a murmur of servile approbation.

Charles Sandron made no reply whatever to the mistaken insolence of the magistrate, but wrote a note to Master Surface, requesting his attendance, directing it to the Greyhound Tavern, to be forwarded immediately, and the same messenger was also desired to command the attendance of his servant. Our hero was then removed from the public office to a private room adjacent, till the reply to his note was returned. He had not to wait long, for the messenger arrived at the Greyhound Tavern at the moment when the landlord was in conversation with the gentleman he sought: the answer given by Master Surface was as follows.—

"I have just received your note, my dear friend. I can do you no good, besides which, it would be highly inconvenient to me, at this moment, to have my name in the public prints. No inconvenience, save an hour's delay, can

happen *to you;* write at once to Lord Orford, and he will send some one to effect your immediate liberation. I know old Childers, he is the most impartial magistrate before whom you could have appeared, for he *commits himself* oftener than he does those who are brought before him.

"Ever your's,

"S. S."

Charles felt much annoyed at this selfish reply; for, young and unused as he was to oppose the malice of fortune with the consciousness of rectitude alone, he felt ill at ease under even the suspicions of an ignorant and vulgar magistrate, and he longed to free himself from the shadow of imputation. To a message from the magistrate, asking if he was ready with his witnesses, he replied that he was waiting for one other communication, when he would be fully prepared to enter on his defence. A letter was then despatched to Lord Orford. Having waited a short time longer, the man in authority ordered

Sandron to be again placed at the bar, when he commenced his further interrogations thus.—

"So, sir, your friend, the *gentleman*, is not forthcoming, nor *your lackey*——" at this instant a slight bustle in the office was heard, and the portly figure, respectable face, and handsome livery of Sandron's servant, John Hardcastle, was seen pressing forward, closely followed by Lord Orford's legal adviser, who, at once making his way to the magistrate, placed in his hands a letter. The magistrate read, looked naturally, and, therefore, like a fool, coughed, blew his nose, and tried to resume his manner of importance, but in vain; when, in a far different voice from that in which he had formerly accosted him, he informed Sandron that he might depart, the evidence of his servant being all that was required. A constable then cleared the way, handed him his sword, and, in another instant, John Hardcastle having brought the horses with him to the door of the office, our hero, unac-

companied by his servant, was soon hastening on his road.

It was late that afternoon ere he reached the Hall; his parents had just returned from their attendance on Louisa, who continued inconsolable, and apparently absorbed in heavy affliction. With the intention of beguiling the subject of her grief, they had named Charles, announcing his expected arrival, and recommending an interview; but to their overtures she only replied by burying her face in her hands and sobbing more convulsively. Having consulted what was best to be done, it was resolved to announce Charles's actual presence, and that he should request an interview, either for that evening or the following morning, for which purpose a messenger was despatched. To this application a decided negative was returned, through Lady Monkton; and Charles Sandron, with some reason, felt that he had been harshly treated.

"She might have sent me one kind message, at least," he exclaimed; "she must know that my grief, if possible, equals her's; and even if my good old friend had not been to me a second father, loving her as fondly as I do, that which brings sorrow to her is equally distressing to me." Such were the thoughts that occupied our hero's mind, as his steps involuntarily led him across the park, in the direction of the Rectory. It was now nearly dark, and the birds were pouring out a flood of melody from every grove, as if in celebration of the retreat of winter. It was with a sensation of deep melancholy, and with a step far less buoyant than when he had last listened at that season of the year to the same voice of Nature which now surrounded him, that he entered the Rectory grounds.

Passing dejectedly onwards, he stopped on the little lawn, where he could command a view of Louisa's bedroom-window; the curtains of that were closely drawn, while, a little further on, on

the same site, though the shutters were partly closed, one window appeared open, and in that chamber reposed the remains of him who had taught the lessons of his infancy.

As he stood thus in contemplation, Louisa's favourite doe, who was lying on the lawn, beneath the window of her mistress, became aware of Charles's presence, and springing up with an air of affectionate recognition, the graceful creature bounded to his side and nestled her face in his hand: tears came unbidden to his eyes, and, for the first time since the sad news had reached him, he wept like a very child. He would have given worlds to have seen Louisa, to have kissed her tears away, or to have mingled them with his, and together to have mourned the loss of her father and their earliest friend. At one moment he had nearly resolved to enter the house and present himself at her door, in her hour of affliction to have claimed a share of her sorrows as he once had participated in her smiles, but he

was prevented from doing so by the chilling reflection that she had not even sent him a kind word or done justice to those feelings which, from the knowledge she had of his heart, she must have known were in possession of his bosom.

He turned from the Rectory and sought the Hall, resolved on retracing his steps that night to London.

CHAPTER X.

Earth, thou hast hues of beauty. Oft I gaze
On the bright sunset's ever mingling rays—
Gaze on the woods, whose thousand dyes unfold
Tint after tint, from green to palest gold,—
View night's blue arch, whose fires unnumber'd shine,—
And own the pencil of a hand Divine.
Earth, thou hast sounds of beauty. Who has heard
The early matins of the morning bird,—
Mark'd the musicians of the woods arise,
And pour forth notes in raptured ecstacies,—
Nor own'd, that even here is concord given,
To train Earth's pilgrims for the peace of Heaven?

It was with no small wonder, and many "pshaws" of impatience, that the good old Sir Stamford Sandron listened to his son's determination of returning to London that night.

"Does Orford think that my boy's a clerk

by profession, that he keeps him quill-driving at his desk all day; by my faith! I think his breast is narrower, and his shoulders more bent than when he left me!" exclaimed the testy old knight, as he paced up and down the room where Charles was having some refreshment ere he mounted his horse. "Faith! my lady, you keep looking at the lad as if you loved him; but why don't you *make* him stay with us?"

"Do, my dear child," urged Lady Sandron, thus appealed to; "do stay with us till to-morrow morning; consider the cold air, and the robbers—"

"Tut! tut! my lady," interrupted Sir Stamford; "cold air, cold fiddlestick; do you want to make my son a milksop! Robbers! Gad! is he not a match for any robber on the face of the earth? Go, my boy, go, go, Orford has need of you; fortify your inward man with a glass of good old wine, and bid defiance to the d—."

"Oh! Sir Stamford, pray!" in her turn exclaimed her ladyship, when, a servant entering to announce his horse, Charles rose, and, taking leave of his parents, was soon trotting along the level greensward of the park.

In these times highway robbery was a matter of common occurrence; and, as Maidenhead Thicket, as well as Bagshot and Hounslow Heaths, had been often the scene of an abduction of purses, Charles gathered up his reins, shook himself in his saddle, and twitched the handle of his sword a little more to the front, that it might be ready to his hand in case of need. His frame of mind, induced by the reception, or rather non-reception he had experienced from Louisa, was not one calculated to urge him to excess of speed; so, by the time he had reached Maidenhead Thicket, he was pacing along the hollow-sounding turf as absent in mind and as slow in motion as if he had been soliloquizing on the safest and sunniest road imaginable.

Indeed, it was a night for contemplation; the sky deep blue, and effulgent with innumerable stars, shone forth in unclouded majesty; while the light airs which swept beneath seemed like the dreaming sighs of the infant Spring, warm and sweet from a bed of primroses and violets, though freshened by the dew of the cornfield and meadow, over which they passed. The only sound which interrupted the profound stillness of night was the occasional bleating of the lamb in the distant fold; and even this, when it ceased, only rendered the repose of nature more distinct.

Our hero's arms were folded on his breast, and the reins lay on the neck of his horse, who, as his head was turned from his well-known stable, seemed little inclined to take advantage of his liberty. At this moment Charles felt the arm of a man thrown round his neck, when, as the owner of the limb had sprung up from the ground to fix it there, and now added the

force of his weight to the impetus which the act had given him, ere Sandron could help himself, he, and, from the effect of the curb, even his horse, were pulled together violently to the earth. By the light of the stars Charles could perceive that not only the face of the man who held him was blackened, but also that the faces of two others who stood by shared in the same disguise. A pistol was now presented to his temple, and his money demanded, when, in addition to rifling his pockets, one of the robbers roughly tore open his vest, and was endeavouring to rend away the treasured locket. Charles had been stunned by his fall, and, from his offering no resistance up to this time, the robbers apparently deemed that he was too much terrified to attempt it; for that reason the pistol was removed from his head, and their grasp on his person relaxed. With his senses, however, returned resolution and strength; by a sudden effort he threw back the man who was stooping

over him, gained his feet, and, drawing his sword, severely wounded one of his assailants. The other villain snapped the pistol at his breast, which luckily missed fire; when, now, while his fellows kept Sandron at bay, the same man, making use of many imprecations, proceeded to reprime and hammer the flint of his weapon.

Again was the hand raised to take aim, but at that moment it was struck up by the beautiful gipsy-girl, to whose tent Sandron had paid a visit with Master Surface. The pistol exploded harmlessly in the air, and, as Charles had set his back against a tangled thicket of thorns, there was no immediate way of getting rid of, or of rushing within, the point of his trusty sword.

"Curse thee! Corah," exclaimed the ruffian who had fired the pistol, aiming a blow with the but-end of it at the same time at her head; "I'll do for thee yet."

But the blow and the thrust were alike un-

availing; for, with the activity of a deer, Corah sprang beyond the reach of immediate harm, exclaiming, at the same time—

"You may kill me, you may wreak your vengeance on me, but you cannot hinder my proclaiming to the young squire, as he stands, the names of his assailants, by which he will bring you all to the scragging-post;* let him go. I bid thee let him go; thou knowest I have power with one who can do thee some service. Gigger! Slasher! stand back! (addressing herself to the others) the gentleman shall not notice what has passed, rejoin your pals and leave me to settle the matter."

There was a hesitation in the manner of the men, which induced Sandron to speak.

"Villains!" he exclaimed; "what more do you want? you have my money (they had rifled his pockets of all but some smaller coins); by my soul! if it is my life you seek, it shall

* Gallows.

be dearly bought; and if any one of you lift a hand against that girl, he dies on this sword, even should my death quickly follow. Choose, then, let me go my way, while you go your's, and be content with the booty you have already gained."

The men now whispered together for a moment, when the ruffian with the pistol gave a low whistle; this was replied to from a little distance, and shortly afterwards a ragged urchin of the gipsy tribe appeared, leading Charles's horse.

"Follow me," exclaimed Corah; "I will lead you in safety from the Heath."

Charles Sandron looked at her, and then at the place where his assailants had stood, but they had disappeared; he paused for an instant whether he should quit his vantage ground on the invitation of the girl, for he scarce knew what faith to place in her assurances, but her fine and expressive features left him not long

in doubt. Dark as the night still was, by the flashing of her beautiful eyes, indignant at the suspicions which she read, he perceived how unmerited, how ungenerous was a moment's hesitation; two steps placed him at her side, and having taken the rein of his horse, he, with his extraordinary guide, proceeded across the Heath. In silence they reached its extreme verge, when Sandron accosted her thus:—

"Do not come with me further, Corah; I conclude that here I am beyond the reach of thy sway, and, therefore, have my sword alone to trust to; how shall I requite thee for the service thou hast this night rendered? my purse is already with thy tribe, therefore, gold I have it not in my power at present to offer."

"Gold!" she exclaimed, with an accent of the most haughty contempt; "gold! dost thou think that gold could purchase the risk of my life, or move me to intercede for thine? No, no, sir, thou little knowest the feelings of

my breast, or the lesson I have gleaned from the face of Nature. You, who are skilled in books, and taught by writings which have been handed down to you, as you say, by the will of God, are apt to despise the wandering tribes of whom you know but little, and to abrogate all the better virtues to yourselves ; I have served you *not* for money."

As she said this she cast her large dark lustrous eyes on the ground with an expression of countenance so meek, and so little like the fiery archness of its usual look, that Sandron could scarcely believe that she whom he had heard repel so firmly the overtures of Master Surface, and seen interpose between a levelled pistol and a drawn sword, could be the same person who now stood before him.

" But, Corah, dear Corah, what shall I do to manifest my deep sense of gratitude ; is there no way I can be useful to you, no way in which I can render your life more comfortable ? Surely

one possessed of your beauty, of your high tone of feeling, cannot be happy in the society of such ruffians as those from whom you have but now rescued me."

"One of those ruffians," she replied, "is my husband; I tell you so because I know that for my sake you will not deliver him up to justice."

"Your husband, Corah! I thought I recognized his figure; he is no real gipsy, though he follows your wandering life; but dear, dear, Corah, say, you cannot love him, then why subject yourself to his brutish violence?"

"We are taught," she replied, "by the gipsy-law, that obedience and fidelity to a husband, and truth in all dealings with *our tribe*, are the first of our bounden duties; with all your wisdom, in spite of all your written revelations, you, the housed, the learned, and the rich, are weaker in your faith than we are. Your women are more assailable to gold and

flattery, money with them can purchase a constant succession of various gratifications, while with us it could not go beyond the necessary food and covering. You covet houses, acres, political position; we need not the one, we should tire of the other, and for the last-mentioned power we desire it not, as rules were given by our forefathers, more wise than any we could frame, by which we are willing to be guided."

"Strange," rejoined Sandron, "that one so far above her associates should still desire to live so miserable a life as her's must be;" such were his thoughts, and he uttered them aloud.

Corah replied: — "I do *not* associate with them; true, I sleep in the tent, I have food warm from the same fire, but my heart — my mind—are, and have ever been, my own. I have not sought, I never expected to find a reciprocity of idea with those among whom my lot has been cast, but I have turned my whole soul

to that God who lives in and has spoken to me through the voice of Nature: in the stars I have read my duty, in the glorious sunshine have I seen *his* approbation, and from the mildness of the summer moon have I drawn solace for my humbled soul. Hush," she cried, raising her hand gracefully, and pointing at the same time to an adjacent thicket, whence the earliest nightingale of the season was pouring forth its mellow song; "there, Nature's sweet voice is enough to lead me on my pilgrimage and promise peace in Heaven; I need no counsel from my fellow-man."

"Well, then, Corah," said Sandron, "with every sense of being your debtor, I must leave you; but if a time should come when my services may be useful, oh, then, dear Corah, fly to me in your hour of tribulation and distress, and I will succour you."

He pressed her hand, she would have raised his respectfully to her lips, but, on the impulse

of the moment, and before she could prevent it, if such had been her wish, he imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, and, praying God to bless her, vaulted on his horse, and galloped down the road.

Having reached London without further adventure, in the silence of his chamber he recurred to and thought over the passages of the day ; and the more he pondered on the conduct of Louisa Marmaduke, the more at a loss was he to account for her apparent coolness. To assure himself that he had once possessed her affections, he felt in the bosom of his vest for the note delivered to him by Master Surface, which he had deposited there ; the locket had escaped the hands of the robber, but the more recent evidence he sought for had vanished : either in the scuffle, or by the rude hands of the ruffian, it had escaped or been stolen, and with a heavy heart our hero sought his pillow.

CHAPTER XI.

His morns he passed in business—which, dissected,
Was like all business, a laborious nothing,
That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,
And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,
And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
Which grows no better, though 't is time it should.

BYRON.

THE following morning found Charles Sandron once more busied in sorting and arranging Lord Orford's papers, and for two days he was thus constantly engaged. Little was talked of now but the approaching coronation of the queen, which was fixed to take place on St. George's day. She had won all hearts since her ascension to the throne, for, however bigoted a man may

be to a political creed, however attached he may be to the regal line he may think the most legitimate to rule the nation (and there were many warmly attached to the House of Stuart), still it is impossible for the most obdurate not to shrink from violent measures, when such are to be directed against the happiness of a female sovereign. In addition to this, the queen had made a powerful impression by her noble bearing and demeanour, and particularly by the solemn and interesting manner in which she had pronounced her first speech to Parliament, where, although she had uttered the precise words which her father had made use of in his first speech :—"I know my own heart to be entirely English ; you shall always find me a strict observer of my word," &c.; still so sweet and persuasive were her accentuation and delivery, that there was not a soul who heard her, of either the one political party or the other, who did not feel that she at least intended to keep her promise to the nation,

although some affirmed that that same promise had been but little regarded by her father.

Charles Sandron might now be almost said to be domiciled in the house of Lord and Lady Orford, who, having no children, treated him as their son, introducing him to the best society in London. It was now that he was advised that the funeral of Doctor Marmaduke was to take place on a particular day, and, consequently, accompanied by his servant, with pistols in his holsters to guard against the chances of the road, he once more turned his back on London in a journey to the Hall. On reaching Maidenhead Thicket, he desired his servant to precede him, and announce his arrival to Sir Stamford, when, feeling much interested in his dark-eyed and extraordinary acquaintance of the Heath, he directed his steed in search of the gipsy's abode. He soon reached the place where the encampment had been, but the tents were struck, and not a vestige of the inhabitants remained, save a

tattered rag or two suspended from the thorns, and on the ground the dark grey ashes of their fires. In vain he perambulated the Thicket, and explored each likely and sequestered corner; not a gipsy was to be found: concluding, therefore, that the male part of the community, mistrusting Corah's power of preventing the robbery being inquired into, had deemed it the safer expedient to shift their quarters, and avoid the dangerous proximity, Charles leaped his horse over the boundary of the common, and took the shortest way to the Hall.

Sir Stamford was not within, but our hero found his mother seated at her embroidery-frame, with two or three of the tenants' daughters, to whom she had been giving lessons in different sorts of needlework. On his entrance the girls were desired to leave the room, with which order, after casting many a furtive, and it might be admiring look on the handsome young squire, they complied. Left alone with her son, Lady Sandron

made many inquiries as to London, seeming, by the number and volubility of her queries, as if she wished to put off some disagreeable question which might be asked of her; it was but useless evasion, for, at the first pause, Charles inquired after Louisa.

It was with no little astonishment, then, that he beheld his mother shake her head in a mournful and ominous manner, as she replied: "Louisa was more composed when I last heard from her."

"Heard from her! my dearest mother, is she not here?" exclaimed Charles.

"Alas, no," replied Lady Sandron; "she sent for me the day after you were here, when, clinging round my neck, and sobbing as if her heart would break, she informed me that, now she was bereft of her father, she felt it would be improper, in her peculiar circumstances, to remain under our roof; therefore, with the acquiescence of Lady Monkton, they were to repair

together to London, whence she would write, as soon as they had fixed on a residence.

Louisa had, according to the promise given to Master Surface, concealed the real worm which was feeding on her heart, and blighting what ought to have been, at that moment, the sweetest and most solacing bud of promise. Where, save in the bosom of her affianced husband, should she have been so well able to have sought refuge and repose, or whence so likely to have filled up the blank which the death of her father had occasioned?

Had Lady Sandron possessed the shrewdness and penetration of some ladies, she would soon have observed that there was more in Louisa's hasty resolution to depart, than was occasioned by the common etiquette of the day. Neither Sir Stamford nor her ladyship discovered the real state of things, the former contenting himself with a triple number of his accustomed pshaws at the whole school of what he was pleased to

term "nonsensical fiddle-faddle," while the latter lamented and wondered at the loss of Louisa's society, for which she herself could assign no sufficient reason.

The hour at which the funeral of Doctor Marmaduke was to take place arrived: the poor of the parish lined the gravel walk from the Rectory to the church, a path they had so often seen their kind old pastor tread when bent on his religious duties; and the yeomanry and tenantry on the Sandron estate, headed by Sir Stamford and his son as chief mourners, formed the procession; there was not a dry eye on the occasion.

The funeral was over; the concourse of persons assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to long tried and departed worth had separated; the white doe, who had been scared from the premises by the unusual assemblage of people, had returned, and was browsing quietly on the lawn, and the premises wore the same quiet and venerable aspect as usual. Like the face of a lake,

a moment ruffled by the cast of a stone, but which closes over the annoyance as calmly as ever, Nature smiled in the afternoon sun as if to show how little the life or death of the best of men could effect her mysterious serenity.

The more Charles considered the cool and extraordinary conduct adopted by Louisa, the more at a loss was he to account for it: that one so gentle, so affectionate, who had been the partner of his earliest hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows — who had parted from him in the fairest and fullest faith and confidence, should so suddenly and inexplicably have neglected and shunned him, was beyond the power of his comprehension; and all he knew was, that he did not deserve such conduct at her hands. Nettled and stung to the quick, in a frame of mind dangerous to one so young and ardent, he returned to town, resolved to affect a carelessness which he did not feel, and in a reckless pursuit of pleasure to blunt, if he could not

entirely banish, the bitter edge of his disappointment.

On his arrival at Lord Orford's, he found that nobleman engaged to meet a large party of political friends and admirers, at a dinner given to him at the Greyhound Tavern, to which Charles Sandron was also invited. It was a large party, from thirty to forty sat down to dinner; among them, the Dukes of Newcastle and St. Alban's, Lords Berkeley, Portland, Halifax, Haversham, Herbert, Ossulston, Byron, North, Dorset, Sir Richard Vivian, and the eccentric Swift.

When the dinner was over, toasts were given, and the bottle pushed merrily round, till, the hour waxing late, Lord Orford, with most of the elder part of the company, and all the divines, with the exception of Swift, withdrew. Charles Sandron, with many young men of his own standing in life, still kept a party together. Swift, by the toasts which he proposed, and the tone of his conversation, proved himself to be

more of a Whig than his bigoted attachment to some of the abuses existing in the Protestant church establishment might have led men to suppose; and nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the meeting, which at length broke out in song.

"Listen," cried the chairman, "while I give you, to a good old tune, the sentiments of the Tories at the present time.

Now, now, the Whigs shall all go down,
The Tories up and ride;
The genuine sons of Church and Queen
On both shall get astride.
We'll damn those stiff republicans,
As low as low may be;
And, whip and spur, we'll seize the reins;
Then, hey, boys! up go we.

We'll broach our tubs and principles,
Of *October's* passive growth;
And, till our clubs and bottles fail,
Will stand and fall by both.
With these we'll rout their boasted cause
Of legal liberty:
Pretend the church, to break the laws;
Then, hey, boys! up go we.

Their meeting-houses we will gut,
And then, as we were wont,
We'll swear 'twas a fanatic plot,
And the rogues themselves have done't;
With *French* and Papists we will join,
To show our loyalty;
Set *Perkin* up with right divine;
Then, hey, boys! up go we.

We'll send our fool the country round,
His way for to prepare,
With trumpet, pipe, and flag, and drum,
Like cavalcade of bear:
The church's danger to advance,
Though in such a tool as he,
Will serve till better come from *France*,
Then, hey, boys! up go we.

We'll pray and curse, address and swear,
Pro-con the revolution,
With *Hanover* confound the heir
Of passive institution.
The legal right to weaken thus,
Our interest 'twill be:
For *Perkin* then comes next in course;
Then, hey, boys! up go we.

To bring this blessed change about,
We'll jumble and confound
Whig politics, and credit rout,
And so the wheels go round.

Till having run our rope's full reach,
With mirth and merry glee,
We find 'twill hold as well as stretch,
Then, hey, boys! up go we.*

This song was received with much applause; many others followed, when Charles Sandron, adhering to a previous determination of never again indulging too deeply in the pleasures of the table, took an opportunity, when his companions were loudly and warmly engaged in discussing the merits of some new parliamentary measure, to rise and leave the room.

Although he quitted the dinner-table long ere the wine had infected his brain, or infringed on the firmness of reason, still its influence had obtained some sway over the animal passion, and disposed and excited him to seek adventure. He had that evening no engagements of any sort, when idleness being not only the most dangerous, but the most disagreeable companion a man can have, to shake off its thraldom, and to

* Old Whig Ballad.

get rid of its presence, he determined to avail himself of the invitation given to him by the pretty Susan Snell, to whom he had been introduced by Master Surface, and with whose singing he had been so much charmed.

In arriving at this resolution, there was a something rankling in his mind near akin to a sensation of disappointment, arising at what he very naturally considered to be the unfeeling line pursued, with regard to him, by Louisa Marmaduke. There was perhaps, likewise, a bitterness of purpose infused into his mind by that insidious demon who ever sits at the elbow of the young and quick, to whisper and prompt the sweetness of revenge. Alas, how often does man, mistaken, erring man, attempt to revenge himself on what he conceives to be the undeserved slights of Virtue, by flying to, and striking up, an alliance with ever-complaisant Vice; and how frequently are the creatures of this world lost for ever from the bright and lofty highway

of life, by a single step into the by-paths which at every hand are placed to distract or invite their attention!

The resolution to pay this visit once formed, Charles was in no frame of mind to repent of it, and accordingly he presented himself at her door; it was ajar, there were one or two articles of furniture in confusion in the little hall, and the matting had been removed from the stairs. He was about to retire from the place, supposing that the person whom he sought no longer resided there, when a dreadful and heart-rending shriek from the apartment immediately above, accompanied by a heavy fall, arrested his attention, and caused him with the speed of light to ascend the stairs and explore the cause.

He flung wide the door, and discovered in the once luxuriantly furnished but now naked apartment an extraordinary and wild-looking but powerfully-formed young man, with a knife in his hand, standing over the body of the unhappy

girl, whom, in her supposed affluence and beauty, Charles had arrived to visit.

At the moment of our hero's entrance the man seemed contemplating a second blow on his bleeding victim, but Charles, without an instant's delay, rushed upon him and hurled him to the opposite side of the room; he then drew his sword, and with his left arm raised Susan from the floor, placing her on the coverless sofa, the only article of furniture which the room contained.

Though she had received a severe blow, and though blood stained the side of her dress, yet she recovered from the immediate effects of the shock, and, appealing to Charles, exclaimed—

"Save me, save me, from his violence!"

"Doubt it not," Charles replied; "but first tell me are you badly hurt—has he seriously injured you?"

"No," she said, "I know — I feel I am not seriously injured."

During these brief questions and replies, the man remained as if stupified by the unexpected succour which had so opportunely arrived, or overcome by some other sensation less apparent. Charles crossed the room, and, closing the door, thus addressed him:—

"You are now my prisoner; lay down your weapon, submit yourself, or by my soul I run you through the body!"

"Never will I submit," cried the man; "what! and to *him* who has brought my misfortunes upon me, who has poisoned my existence, robbed me of her whom I loved better than the world, and consigned me for months to a madhouse! never, never! Thus will I rush upon your sword, and if I fall it shall be by the same hand which has already robbed me of a wish to live."

As he said this he rushed upon Charles, brandishing his knife, as if determined to slay as well as be slain; and, had not the point of the

sword been instantly dropped, his fate would have been inevitable. Instead of its point he received a blow from the pomel which stretched him on the floor, when Charles, placing his foot on his breast, possessed himself of the knife, which had fallen from his now passive hand.

"George! George! this is not the person you suppose him to be," exclaimed Susan, kneeling by the side of her prostrate assailant, "you have done this gentleman wrong, on my soul, you have done him wrong; but he will forgive you, I am sure he will forgive you for my sake, and the more readily will he do so when he knows in what relation we once stood to each other. Arise, George, see, you are at liberty, and God be for ever praised that your attempt upon my life has failed!"

The young man raised himself on one hand, looked up in her face as she knelt at his side, when, as if some scene of other and milder days passed over his heated imagination, and cooled

the fever of his brain, he became meek as a child, and burst into tears.

"You *will* pardon him," she exclaimed; "for my sake, let him depart—he is calm now and the fit is over."

Charles Sandron drew back a pace, and the young man rose. "Go, George," she continued, "you have liberty to depart; repair to your home —it may be happy yet—and forget that I am in existence."

As Susan said this, the young man, with that tacit obedience which often sways those whose brains have been affected, even when commanded by less powerful creatures than themselves, arose from the floor, when, without exchanging another word, and as if unconscious of the presence of others, he retired from the apartment and left the house.

Susan Snell, now throwing herself on the sofa, gave way to an agony of grief. In vain did Charles attempt consolation; not even the

tracing with his hand the extent to which her dress had been perforated with the knife recalled her attention from the heavy weight which oppressed her mind, and for a time she was totally incapable of words.

Fortunately, the knife, in meeting with some opposition from her apparel, had glanced in a slanting direction from her side and had merely raised the skin. At length she recovered from her tears, and addressed Charles thus.

"You arrived at a fortunate moment, when I little expected help from any human being; alas! like myself, in seeking pleasure you have found but misery; though we do not resemble each other either, for I have merited the latter, while you, perhaps, came here merely for the sake of beguiling time. Oh, bitterly am I rewarded for having listened to the persuasions of a villain. He who led me from my father's fireside, beguiled me from the fondest mother, from the most peaceful home, and from the society of my

sister; for whom I sacrificed the honest feelings of the man who has this instant left the room; nay, his very reason, and for whom I lost all good that the world had in its power to bestow, has now deserted me, and left me an outcast, despised and miserable, a thing for whom pity even blushes to shed a passing tear."

"Nay, calm yourself, Susan," replied Charles, greatly moved by the forlorn and desolate condition of the poor girl; "I will befriend you, I will care for you, though all the world should turn away." As he said this he took her hand which, white as snow and delicate and graceful as it was possible to be, lay listlessly by her side; she snatched it hastily away, exclaiming—

"Touch not my hand, its clasp is pollution!" Saying this, she dashed it against the hard edge of the sofa till it was bruised, and even marked by blood; Charles seized her wrists, and forced her to be still, at the same time begging her to be more composed, and to tell him exactly how

she was situated. The circumstances were soon explained. Surface had obtained her affections, and deserted her by design, or from inability to continue the connection; she had become involved in debt, and her furniture, even the bed from under her, had been seized by remorseless creditors.

"What—where shall be my home *now?*" she continued. "How am I to procure maintenance and support, or where find refuge from my miseries, save in a plunge from London Bridge, and in the bosom of the dark waters which roll beneath?"

"Hush! my poor girl," whispered Charles, the heat of wine, and the feverish inclination to mischief having evaporated before the misery thus presented to his view; "hast thou not spoken of thy parents? hast thou not alluded to other than human assistance, in the hour of thy need? do not again outrage Heaven by thinking on self-destruction, but repair home, ask forgive-

ness of those who love thee, and it will not be denied."

With almost a shriek, she replied—" Oh ! no, no, no ! Mention them not ; the thought is madness, and the sight of my father and mother would kill me. No, no ; I will go anywhere—die—rather than encounter their frown, or be refused the companionship of my younger sister, as unfit to share in her innocent affection."

" Yet listen to me," rejoined Charles ; " you tell me you have been lured to your present fall by a villain ; it has been, perhaps, your first and only fault ; you say your parents are affectionate and kind. If you repent of your fault, if you really sigh for a return to those scenes from which you have been thus betrayed, your parents cannot turn their backs on the only chance there is of redeeming their child from lasting perdition. I—I will undertake your reconciliation."

She stooped her head, and, with her hands spread and pressed before her eyes, with her

long luxuriant black hair lying in dishevelled masses on her neck and shoulders, continued sobbing as if her heart would break.

Charles resumed. "Tell me," he cried, "where was your home? where do your parents reside? what is their station in society, and where may I seek them?"

Susan Snell could not speak — words were at the moment denied her—but, turning to a portfolio, she took from it a single drawing, beautifully executed, and placed it in his hand. It represented a picturesque but small farm-house, marked by all the attributes of ease and comfort, and situated in a well-wooded eminence, commanding the view of a majestic river, while beneath it was written—"The Grove Farm, near the village of ——, Kent." At last she composed herself sufficiently to speak:

"That *was* my home; the greedy agents of the law have seized my other drawings, and would have taken this, but that I clung to it.

and begged so hard, that, I believe to get rid of my importunity rather than out of pity, they suffered me to retain it. Often," she continued, gazing on the drawing as Charles held it in his hand, "has that picture, in my wildest moments, brought the tear to trickle down my cheek, and made me loathe my situation. It was a linnet which he gave me that first prompted me to make that sketch; when I was alone, its sweetest notes, as it sung to me from its cage, brought with them so many recollections of the voice of Nature I had so often listened to at home, that when I closed my eyes, I could almost fancy my mother was seated at my side."

"You have assumed another name," said Charles; "now, tell me that of your parents?"

"Linden," she replied, blushing deeply as she spoke; "and the village in which they reside is Cheanhurst."

"It is known to me," said Charles, "I have passed it more than once in company with my

father when journeying to Chatham. I will seek your parents; you shall accompany me; we will proceed there on horseback the first day I have at my disposal, and doubt not but that we meet with success."

Susan rose from her seat, and, casting herself on the floor before him, knelt at his feet, and, hiding her face on his knees, sobbed forth her thankfulness. Charles replaced her on the sofa, and having given her directions to repair to a respectable lodging, as well as the means of providing for all immediate exigences, he called a coach to the door, and having handed her to it and desired the coachman whither to drive, he himself prepared to return to his own lodgings. Just as the coach drove away, Sandron was aware that some one passed on the opposite side of the street, muffled in a cloak, whose height and manner closely resembled that of Master Surface; however, as the figure made no sign of recognition and seemed anxious to escape obser-

vation, Charles took no further notice. Pondering over the event of the evening, and feeling that moral sense of conscientious approbation which none experience save those internally convinced of the purity of their intentions, he reached his own lodgings.

CHAPTER XII.

But why so vainely doe I time bestow,
The foule abuse of th' wretched world to chide,
Whose blinded iudgement eu'ry howre dow show
What folly weake mortalitie doth guide?
Wise was the man that laugh'd at all thy woe,
My subiect still more sorrow doth prouide,
And this late peace more matter still doth breed,
To hasten that which quickly must succeed.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

WHEN the all-absorbing affliction, attendant on the loss of a father, would permit Louisa Marmaduke to recur to her last interview with Master Surface, she could scarcely induce herself to believe that it was other than a creation of her own bewildered mind, harassed and distressed as it had been of late. But when, after

a time, all the circumstances were recalled one by one to her recollection, when she reflected, too, that the information she had obtained was drawn from a person who appeared to be a reluctant witness, rather than from one wishing to traduce her betrothed, she felt, in spite of any latent inclination, forced to give credence to the news. Besides, the letter of the person who kept the tavern, which was shewn her by Master Surface, was an evidence not to be disputed, as also was the chance production of the ribbon that had once suspended the locket containing her hair.

On reviewing the whole of the circumstances, then, she decided that Charles Sandron had been guilty of the grossest impropriety, as well as the most unfeeling conduct in regard to her, and, in a jealous mood, she determined that henceforth he should be banished from all favourable consideration. How often have people made similar resolutions, how often have they

supposed that they had driven all kinder reminiscences of a particular passion from their brain, and how frequently have they found themselves deceived; and that instead of emancipation from the particular bondage, instead of having eradicated it, they had only bowed it down by the weight of an accumulation of trivial circumstances, and that the root of the fancied evil was as firmly fixed and flourishing as ever!

Louisa had promised Master Surface not to mention the subject in any way to Sir Stamford or Lady Sandron. Even if she had not so pledged herself, not only consideration for their feelings, but also her own pride and delicacy, would have prevented her from such a step; to Lady Monkton, however, she opened her whole heart. That lady, had she been so inclined, might have elucidated the mystery; but, alas! private disinclination to the match, worldly and sordid reasons, induced her to take an opposite

course and to widen the breach by all the means in her power.

There had existed for many years a feud between the Monktons and the Sandron family, and in the earlier days of the life of the present Lady Monkton, that feud had been renewed by Sir Stamford with her husband, from out of which the latter did not come with untarnished laurels. In addition to this, Lady Monkton had been bred up in the very hotbeds of high church principle and Tory politics, and taught to deem it an imperative duty, under all circumstances, to abridge the means, or lessen the importance of the opposite party, as well in their public as in their private relations of life. To her, therefore, it was a pleasing task to prevent the ample fortune of Louisa from enriching the Whig coffers, and it was with no little satisfaction that she listened to an account of Charles Sandron's ill conduct.

Seeing how necessary it was to prevent ex-

planation, lest the case against Charles should have been over-stated, or too highly coloured, she at once advised Louisa to retire with her from the vicinity of the Hall, strengthening that advice with remarks which she well knew would weigh with a young and sensitive mind, pointing out, that if her niece did not do so — to use a vulgar phrase — people might say, that under any circumstances she was ready to fling herself at the head of the young squire. Upon such advice Louisa consented to a hurried removal, and Lady Monkton assigned publicly that the delicate situation in which her young friend stood with regard to her betrothal to Charles Sandron, rendered the step, as to her immediate residence, one strictly in accordance with the accustomed etiquette on such occasions.

Almost unconscious of the step to which she had consented, overwhelmed with a thousand sensations of regret, and a prey to that sinking of the spirit, which seems like the forebodings of

the more etherial part of our nature, Louisa was assisted to her carriage, and, under the superintendence of Lady Monkton, she arrived in London, at a house in the vicinity of Pall-Mall. They had not been more than a day in their new residence, when Master Surface was announced as one anxious for an interview with Lady Monkton.

Arrayed with great care — for he well knew with whom he had to deal — he had laid aside his rather swaggering gait and flashy style of dress, and appeared in handsome garments certainly, but in those befitting a gentleman of a staid, quiet, and perhaps religious turn of mind. On Lady Monkton's entrance, Surface advanced with much gravity and stateliness of manner, and, placing a sealed packet in her hand, spoke as follows.

"I have done myself the honour of calling on your Ladyship, to request that you will take charge of this little parcel for Miss Marmaduke,

to whom alone, under any other circumstances, I should have presented it."

"Are its contents a secret?" said Lady Monkton, receiving the packet rather gravely. "I am now the only relative in the world to whom Miss Marmaduke can look for advice or consolation."

"No, by no means, there is no secret in the matter, provided the lady to whom it is addressed sanctions its publicity," replied Master Surface. "The letter in the packet belongs to Miss Marmaduke, and I am but anxious to restore it to her; aware of the affliction with which it has pleased Heaven to overwhelm her, I approached your ladyship as the most fit and proper person through whom a communication of the sort could be made."

Lady Monkton smiled graciously, and assured him that she would deliver the packet to Louisa.

Master Surface coutinued:

"Has our young friend Charles Sandron

paid his respects to your ladyship of late? he is becoming one of the gayest young men about town."

Lady Monkton drew up, and replied coldly, "that she had seen and heard nothing of him."

"Indeed!" said Master Surface with well affected surprise, "but his friends must pardon his apparent neglect, for in addition to the dissipation around him, he is working night and day in defence of Lord Orford and the Whigs, whose ranks he has joined in the most ultra and revolutionary manner."

This news was received by Lady Monkton with a bitter smile, and when Master Surface turned to depart, in her most civil manner she informed him, that when Louisa had recovered from the depression natural to her circumstances, she would be most happy to thank him in person for the trouble he had taken. Surface then, with many civil protestations, withdrew.

CHAPTER XIII.

Is there not rest within our cottage dwelling?
Is there not rest beneath its trellised shade?
Where viewless birds with wild glad notes are swelling
The echoes by the murmuring river made,
That laves our garden foot; still shedding round
A dewy freshness through the calm profound.

Is there not rest for one, whose best affection
Is deeply shared by him on whom bestowed;
Whose smile has still the power to chase dejection
From this our calm — our beautiful abode:
In strife and turmoil, lies the world around;
But here, oh! surely here, may rest be found.

After the interview with Susan Linden, as we must now call her, described in a former chapter, Charles Sandron was so occupied by his engagements of business and pleasure, that

he had not an hour to devote to her service. However, on the third day the desired opportunity offered, when, taking her with him, and attended by his groom, they set out on horseback for the Grove Farm, in Kent. They had not left the streets of London when a carriage passed them containing two ladies, but, as Charles, with his hand resting on the mane of Susan's horse, was at the moment leaning over and earnestly entreating his companion to compose herself and to rely on his endeavours, he did not observe who those ladies were ; his servant, John Hardcastle, however, recognized them, for he pulled off his cap with the lowest possible reverence.

Under Charles's repeated assurances of success Susan regained her composure, and as the day was bright and beautiful, the exchange from the confined and foggy atmosphere of London to the salubrious breezes and glittering prospect in the vicinity of Shooter's Hill could not fail to have a beneficial effect on her mind ; when, for a

time, she seemed to be beguiled of her unhappy situation. By degrees, as the termination of her journey drew near, she again became thoughtful; and when some tall trees, crowning a hill in the distance to the left of the road, met her sight, she tremulously exclaimed as she pointed to them: "Yonder is the farm where I was born!"

It now required all Charles's attention to keep up her self-possession, for with the approach of home seemed to return the modest timidity of her early days, and she shrank from the merited indignation of her parents. They stopped in the village, and, having left their horses at the little inn unrecognized by any, proceeded on foot in the direction of the farm which was situated in the vicinity of Northfleet. Charles could feel her arm tremble as it pressed his, and even hear the throbbings of her anxious heart. Winding down a retired lane, a short walk brought them to a thicket, whence Susan pointed to the chimneys of a house which could be seen between

the stems of the tall trees that shadowed them, and exclaimed almost in a whisper, "That *was* my home."

Bidding her wait where she was, Charles advanced alone, nor was he sorry that the distance yet to be measured gave him time to arrange his thoughts. A turn of the path he was pursuing brought him in front of the building, which combined all the stability of a comfortable moderately-sized farm, with the neatness of a villa. The grey stone front and pointed gables, shaded by a neat thatch, was almost entirely overgrown with ivy, jessamine, and China roses, while the wooden porch which projected a few feet, and contained a seat on either side, was crowned with a luxuriant honeysuckle.

In front of the house was a neat little garden, ornamented with beds of the snowdrop, crocus, and violet, and containing several hives of bees, before which flourished bushes of thyme and rosemary. Beyond this again, and through

which Charles was now passing, was a thickly-planted and verdant cherry orchard, then in its earliest indication of bloom.

The comfortable farmyard, filled with straw, among which cows and poultry idly amused themselves, was at the back of the house; and all air of loneliness was removed from the picture by the racing and frisking of the lambs round a small fish-pond in the orchard, and the bleating of the sheep, as they watched their offspring disappear in the moving flock. The clamorous cries of the rooks in the adjoining trees also added to the merry sounds of the season of the year. Charles had scarcely attained the garden-gate when a very pretty, blue-eyed, dark-haired girl, followed by a respectable-looking dame, in a clean white cap and with spectacles on, came forth, the former bearing some work, and the other a bible, and took possession of the seats in the humble porch.

As Sandron opened the garden-gate they arose:

"Mistress Linden, is it not?" he asked, advancing to the house.

"Yes, sir; do you want my good man?"

"No, no; at least, not just at this moment," he replied; "you seem to have a beautiful farm here, Mistress Linden; one would think that the peace and contentment of the world had fixed on this as its residence."

"Ah! sir," said the old dame, "we have many things to be thankful for; but," she continued, taking up her bible, and laying it down again, "we are told that happiness in this world is not for us; indeed the bitterness of life, as our good curate says, has found us out here and my old eyes have had their share of tears." Then, observing that Charles's glance was fixed on her daughter, struck as he was by the strong family likeness to her whose cause he came to plead, she continued: "Go, Mary—go in doors and look that the kettle boils for your father's tea; he will be home soon."

"Nay, my good dame," exclaimed Charles, perceiving her reason for this, "do not send your daughter away on my account; why should you do so?"

"She is best in doors," replied the good old lady, drily; "fine gentlefolks, fine clothes, and great sounding words, are not a fit study for a decent young woman; God help me! — I have reason to say so."

"What! has she ever given you cause to be uneasy on that head?" inquired Charles; "excuse me, it is not an idle question; your appearance, your manners, have interested me much, and without annoying you by impertinent questions, I would fain make your better acquaintance."

"What, Mary, sir? No, no, dear child, she has never made me sorrowful! had it not been for her I believe both my good man and myself would have broken our hearts, for he used to say to me: — 'Dame,' said he, 'I cannot go out to

sow my land now, the larks rise so merrily and sing so sweetly, that they make me think of the day when Susan was walking at my side, and following their flight with her beautiful brown eyes: ah, sir, she used to watch the larks and the swallows, and wonder whence the latter came from, and *whither* they flew, while we were only thankful that they were *here*. While our eyes were on the earth, and our minds occupied with its soil, her's were roving hither and thither, and dreaming of worlds she had but read of in music-books and rhyme; unfit, I am sure, as such things are for us poor farming people. But — it was my fault, I did her the injury; I had her taught to read, to dance, to play music, ay, and to look down upon her equals, for there is the misery."

"Is your eldest daughter not with you now, then?" asked Charles.

"No, sir, she left us. She was beautiful as the day—she looked into her glass, and she knew it; all the young men in our neighbourhood told her

so, and they always voted her the queen of May. Lord Darnley danced with her, and told her she ought to be a lady, and then, in the pride of my heart, I loved to see her better dressed than her neighbours, and at the steward's, playing and singing at the harpsichord, when none of the other girls knew how to touch a note. Ah, sir, her loss is a judgment upon me for setting myself up above my rank in life, and for teaching her to look down on all the young men who would have made her fitting mates."

Here the old lady burst into tears as she continued :—"She could not bear the addresses of her neighbours, but when they came to a merry-making with us she would retire to her own room, or if in summer, to the wood hard by, with a book of harmony nonsense, or poetry I think they call it, and a better name for it too, for there can't be much harmony in that which sets folk against their own relations and friends. Well, there she would sit, and read and dream

that all she read was true. It was in one of these sad hours that she met with her deceiver, and oftentimes, when we thought she was alone, she was walking in the wood with that wicked young man, or Lord it may be, for we have heard various reports about him."

Farmer Linden himself, a hearty-looking old man, with white hair, now made his appearance, when, addressing Charles, he asked if he had kept him waiting? then looking at his wife he continued:

"I see my dame, sir, has been amusing you with our family affairs, for nothing makes her cry but that subject. Come, come, dame, learn to bear your misfortunes yourself, and do not loadthe shoulders of others; but there — 't is no matter, the gentleman won't care for the sorrows of such as you and me."

"Indeed, I do care, my good friend," exclaimed Charles, "I have been deeply interested in the recital, and believe me, he that has mixed

with the yeomanry, nay, with the industrious poor, and has seen the many virtues they possess, and the innumerable hardships they occasionally submit to without a murmur or complaint, cannot but feel acutely when they are heavily afflicted. Do you know where your child is, and is there no hope of snatching her from her present situation?"

"Hope, sir?" replied Linden, "what should we do with her *now?* she is like the straw when parted from the grain, only fit to be cast out from the barn to be trampled on by beasts. She has no heart — she never had a heart to feel for us. Bless you, she quitted her home without as much as a thought for any thing she left behind her. There was her pet lamb, that would not feed from any hand but her's, it was left to starve; her linnets, too, the sheep-dog that loved her better than any one else was locked up from her puppies, and she had not left so much as a line to say where the key was to be found. There, if I saw her kneeling at my feet

at this moment, I would not raise her up or contaminate my honest hand by touching such a jade."

"Nay, nay, Farmer Linden," said Charles, "I will not think so ill of you as you would have me do. Heaven sets us an example of forgiveness, wide-stretched to a far greater magnitude than any we can aspire to attain, and shall we render ourselves unworthy of the boon—when at the approach of death it is needed in the highest degree—by having refused the little in our power on earth to bestow, craved as it would have been in this instance by our own flesh and blood? No, no, I think better of you, my good friend, than to suppose you could be guilty of such an error. When she left you, had she no suitors in her own rank of life?"

"Ay, sir," replied Linden, "there was not a young farmer in the country-side who would not have given his right hand to have kept her company; our curate, too, honest man, he 'd bring

his flute and play to her for hours, and it grieved me to the soul when she used to laugh at what she called 'the funny faces' that he made in breathing on his instrument; she used to say 'he was a mild imitation of Eolus,' or some such gentleman. He it was who taught her many books, and when I saw him leaning over her for hours, it used to glad my old heart to think that she was not altogether unworthy to be the minister's wife. Presumption, sir, wicked presumption! Farmers should teach their daughters useful work, such as netting, plain sewing, the making of puddings, cheese, and butter, otherwise they look down on the coarseness of an honest calling, shudder at the unrefined approach of a toil-stained hand, and stroll away to foreign flummery."

"Did the curate take her desertion much to heart?"

"He did indeed, sir," replied Linden. "I mind his coming with his flute and finding

Susan gone. Bless you, he was struck dumb like one who had seen a ghost, and when his speech returned, he counted up how many months he had known her, and yet could never find in his heart to speak of love, save when he once made a distant allusion to the pairing of Robins, but which she did not seem at the moment to comprehend. This was of the Friday; on the Sunday following he ascended the pulpit to read the lessons in his black gown, and, when commencing his sermon, he broke off in a strange invective against gingling spurs, tall plumes, and long swords, giving out that Satan was abroad in the shape of a handsome cavalier. Ah, sir, he talked of Satan; but if he had given the gipsies a hand in it, he would have been nearer the mark; there was an encampment at that time in our lane, and, if ever there was a creature blighted by the evil eye, and if ever people and cattle were bewitched, my child and my flock were cursed together. Oh that I might

once more set eyes on that dark gipsy girl! she was seen to give papers to my daughter, and to turn the brightest blackest glances on my cows! I lost in my drove and flock that year more than I ever lost before in ten. She was the only gipsy that Quick, my sheep-dog, would not bark at. Oh that I had her once upon the ducking-stool!"

"Had your daughter any other lovers?" asked Charles; "I mean any who had declared themselves?"

"Yes, sir, our neighbour's son," replied Linden, "young George Nutton, a better farmer, a bolder man never backed a horse or held a plough; he was the best rider to hounds in our hunt, and as clean grown a youngster as any you might see at a fair. He, poor lad, took her desertion so much to heart, that they were forced to confine him in a madhouse, and he has never been himself since; but then, what signifies it talking? 'drat it, dame, dry your eyes, and you, Mary,

don't sit sobbing there behind the door, but draw a tankard of ale; the gentleman must be adry."

Charles accompanied them into the house, where, as he entered, the farmer pointed to a little table with some embroidery on it, standing with a chair in the corner of the room apart from the rest of the furniture, and said in a voice which, spite of his endeavours to the contrary, manifested the deepest emotion, "that, that was *her* table; she sat at it the morning she left us, it has never been touched since."

"'Drat thee, Quick," he continued, addressing himself now to a large sheep-dog who came barking and bouncing into the room in the most wildly joyful manner, "'drat thee, lay down I say!"

The dog, however, unmindful of the well-known command, after racing round the room, and leaping over the chairs, quitted the house in the same way she entered it, and her hilarious tongue was heard in the garden and the orchard,

amidst the bells of the startled sheep, and the objurgations of their attentive shepherd, who seemed in vain endeavouring to recall Quick to her accustomed duty.

The ale having been done honour to, Farmer Linden now asked what business had procured him the pleasure of a visit from our hero.

"No absolute business, my worthy friend; I only came to see your farm, and to talk to you about——"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the shepherd, who arrived to say that he thought Quick was gone mad, or that she was bewitched, as the cattle had been in the preceding year; she had driven a sheep into the pond, and was gone off again, flouncing, bounding, and barking, at such a rate, no one knew whither.

At Farmer Linden's request Charles then accompanied them into the garden, on their way to the farmyard. Having turned the corner of the

house, they proceeded down a path, sheltered by thick hazel hedges on either side, and came to a little plot of ground, which seemed once to have been taken much care of, though now the traces of a long neglect were visible. The old man stopped abruptly, and exclaimed: "Why, who has touched this garden? some one has been to the violet-bed; nay, Mary, why there is your foot upon the mould!"

"Indeed, papa," replied the girl, looking with much astonished curiosity at the foot-print, "I have not been to Susan's garden; you forbade any one to go near it."

The loud barking of the shepherd's dog was again heard in their immediate vicinity, and Quick once more made her appearance, wild with the most extravagant delight, leaping and bounding, now here, now there, and at last rushed beneath some thick lilac-trees which sheltered one side of the little garden, where her loud barkings were hushed into low but continued

murmurs of strange excitement. Possessed with the idea that his sheep-dog was bewitched or mad, Linden seized a heavy iron rake, and dashing forward in pursuit, was about to strike. Far different from the sight which he expected was that which met the father's eye — he beheld his lost child upon her knees, one hand spread before her tearful face, while with the other she endeavoured to subdue the extravagant caresses of the faithful animal, who, very soon after her arrival, had detected her presence and had now clasped her round the neck with its fore-paws. The old man let fall the rake, and locked his daughter in his arms.

It was with the deepest, the most gratifying sensation of delight, that Charles beheld the scene he had occasioned: his flowing eyes shewed how deeply he shared in the emotion around him, and in that one moment, he felt a more exalted pleasure than the world had hitherto bestowed upon him. There is so much unal-

loyed satisfaction in the success of high-souled, charitable, and virtuous measures, that it is a wonder the world is not more given to their practice. Men feel a temporary, even a brilliant gratification in the attainment of a difficult object, however guilty its pursuit may have been, but they cannot know that approbation of the heart, the offspring alone of rectitude, which, like a visitant from Heaven, will in after-times steal to their midnight pillow, and soothe the feverish hour, unless their conscience refers to deeds unsullied by a stain. When the mind and body of man are ailing, when, from the infirmities of nature, sin assumes the terror and proportion, the hideous distortion of a distempered dream, and clothes itself in the glaring and heated dies, the colours ever attendant on remorse and soul-awakened despair, then, at such a time, to look back on a good action is as the olive branch was to the ark, a signal of assured salvation. When, either haunted by the anti-

cipations of their own prophetic imagination, or shrinking on the eve of death, how many of the happiest, most brilliant years of their lives, would not some men give for the recollection of one single day devoted to the service of their God? Charles Sandron *felt* that he had done a good action, and to feel it was to reap a more than ample reward.

From the garden the happy party adjourned to the house; the news soon spread among the farming people that their young lady, as they used to term her, had returned, when one over-zealous and mistaken friend ran forthwith to the manse, and, having abruptly acquainted the curate with the news, asked permission to ring the bells in the church. That estimable divine was greatly moved by the tidings, yet, though he was, to use his own expression, "somewhat uplifted of heart," he retained sufficient discernment to be aware that such a proceeding as the ringing of bells would not be consonant

with the staid and decent propriety which the nature of the circumstance seemed to require; therefore he refused the service of the bells, but to atone for the lack of their harmony, he himself sat up flute in hand, to a late hour of the night, vying with the nightingale in the yew-hedge beneath his window, who should produce the most pleasing, yet melancholy modulations.

The gratitude of the old people to Charles Sandron, as the restorer of their lost child, knew no bounds. Farmer Linden pressed him to eat and drink, as if he thought that through the appetite of his guest alone could be testified his due reception of the thankful homage he himself was anxious to offer; while his youngest daughter, Mary, looked at Charles with such soft, bright, blue eyes. that our hero felt much difficulty in repressing an inclination to assume another line of character in another drama, and to run away with her. Time (oh, that man might chain its hurrying foot!), sped on, and the

hour for our hero's return to London arrived. His horses were ordered to the door from the village inn, and his groom, John Hardcastle, refreshed with a foaming can of ale, when, amidst the blessings of all, he mounted, and, giving many promises that he would again return to the Grove Farm and pay them a longer visit, he proceeded on his way. In a pleasing reverie he arrived at his lodgings in the Strand, and then, as he prepared to dismount for the first time remembered that a carriage had passed them in the morning before they had left London, to which, or rather to the ladies in it, his groom had doffed his cap.

"John," he asked, "who was in the carriage that passed us this morning, while I was speaking to Miss Linden?"

"Lady Monkton, sir, and our young lady from the Rectory."

CHAPTER XIV.

And now to business. Oh, my gentle Juan!
Thou art in London—in that pleasant place
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing,
Which can await warm youth in its wild race.
'Tis true, that thy career is not a new one;
Thou art no novice in the headlong chase
Of early life; but this is a new land—
Which foreigners can never understand.

BYRON.

LADY MONKTON and Louisa Marmaduke were driving out in their carriage for an airing, when they passed Charles Sandron in the street, at the commencement of his journey to restore Susan Linden to her friends. At the very moment of their passing, he, with his hand resting on her horse's neck, and with his handsome features brightening up under the best feelings of his

heart, was recommending and endeavouring to establish the self-possession of his fair charge, as well as to calm her fears by the kindest assurances of success. Louisa, with that quick perception ever attendant on affection, waning though such affection may be (for the eye of woman is equally sharp when seeking for confirmation to her jealous fears, as it is when bent on finding fresh cause for admiration in the object of her love) was the first to observe Sandron occupied as we have mentioned. Lady Monkton's attention was also aroused on the same subject, by her niece's casting herself suddenly back in the carriage and turning deadly pale. One glance from the window was sufficient to put Lady Monkton in full possession of the circumstances; chance had thus placed powerful means at her disposal of widening the breach between the lovers, and the opportunity of doing so was not lost.

"Dreadful!"—exclaimed her ladyship; "that

unhappy young man seems dead to every sense of propriety; change of affection with him is as easy as the putting off and on of a garment, he no sooner tires of one than he adopts another. I dare venture to say that that is the creature for whom he professes so lively an attachment as to set the usages of society at defiance."

Louisa only answered by tears, and Lady Monkton continued.

"My dear child—however painful this subject may be, I cannot resist such an opportunity of reverting to it; use your own good sense, and discard that dissolute young man for ever from your recollection. If any thing further were wanting than the proofs contained in that packet so lately left in my hands for you by Master Surface, in which was contained your last letter to this Charles Sandron—gathered, as Master Surface informed you, from a public floor, where it had been cast contemptuously away — you have ample ocular demonstration now."

This letter, the reader will recollect, was lost during the robbery of Sandron by the gang of gipsies, on Maidenhead Thicket.

"You saw with whom he was riding, and you must have observed his devoted manner; depend upon it, the kind-hearted Surface out of respect for your feelings, and in consideration of his friend, has not imparted to us half of the misdeeds of this wild young man. Take my advice, break off all communication, command Sandron to return to you the lock of hair you gave him, and banish him forth of your society for ever."

"I fear me you are right, my dear Lady Monkton," replied Louisa, drying her tears, and breaking through the abandonment of grief with some shew of resolution. "I *will* think of him no more. It costs me much to come to this decision, for I had thought, oh, *so* differently of Charles — of Master Sandron! We were bred up together, I used to admire his noble, gene-

rous disposition, and chivalrous nature, indeed he *was* once all, more than all to me. Remembrance, however, is now idle; he treats me with contempt. My dear Lady Monkton, do as you please, I renounce him now and for ever."

"It delights me," exclaimed her companion, "to find that you have arrived at so proper, so just a resolution; it will now become my duty to write a formal breaking off of your engagement to Lady Sandron; how or in what terms that object can best be effected, we will take an hour to consider."

"Nay, not so soon," said Louisa; "I know that dear old Lady Sandron will be deeply hurt at the proceeding, and I would have nothing done either hastily or harshly. Wait, then, but a few days at least, or till other circumstances shall have thrown a still stronger shade on her son's more apparent worthlessness; then, then you shall have my full concurrence in all steps you may think it requisite to take."

The day following the restoration of Susan Linden to her friends brought with it the usual routine of business and pleasure; Charles had been introduced to all the best society in London, and began to find his level among the young men of fashion. Handsome, high-spirited, accomplished and rich, he soon met with admiring friends. No one dressed better, few danced so well, and in singing, drawing, and other light accomplishments, he was also a proficient. In the study of foreign languages, and of the most approved modern and ancient authors, he took much delight, but while thus improving his mind, he still found time to excel in athletic exercises, and to a reputation for all other outward accomplishments, he added the character of one of the best swordsmen of the day.

He had been to court, and it was thought no mean feather in his cap, when, on his presentation to her Majesty, she asked, struck, as it seemed, by his handsome and graceful deport-

ment, a second time who he was, and from what family he was descended, while Lady Marlborough* desired Lord Godolphin, who smiled familiarly on Charles Sandron as he passed, to bring him up to her for an introduction.

Day after day sped swiftly on; her Majesty's coronation had been performed with great solemnity; the street from the Hall to Westminster Abbey being lined with blue cloth, and her Majesty carried in a low open chair, so that she might be seen by her loyal subjects. The ceremony had lasted from eleven in the morning till half-past eight in the evening, and bonfires and illuminations had been kept up throughout the night.

Soon after the coronation, the trial of the Lords Somers, Halifax, and Ormond had also been proceeded with, and the Commons, failing in their allegations, the several lords so arraigned were acquitted, and Charles Sandron was once

* Then keeper of the privy purse.

more left at leisure to attend to his own immediate affairs.

From the day on which he had been noticed at court, and introduced to the all-powerful Countess of Marlborough, Charles's race in the realms of fashion might be said to have commenced; from that time every temptation to excess assailed him. Luxury opened her many suductive doors. Beauty, either from the dictates of passion, or from the colder but almost as powerful persuasions of public notoriety, exhausted all her blandishments to allure the youngest as well as the handsomest and most accomplished man of fashion, as Charles Sandron was then accounted, within the pale of her glittering vassalage.

Turn where he would, success, flattering, clothed in its spring-tide hue, unshadowed, undimmed as yet by too frequent repetition, waited, nay watched for an opportunity to greet him. Still, in the midst of his mental intoxication in

the glittering palace, in the public theatres, would his mind suddenly revert to the quiet Rectory, and to his first, and, as it then seemed, only for a time forgotten love. In the very moment of gratified ambition, in the most splendid hour of fashionable triumph, the gentle image of Louisa broke upon his remembrance as the meek but beautiful lily of the valley steals through the thickly-clustered and darker leaves of the ground-ivy, which had overgrown and but for a time disguised the existence of the fairer flower, and, by the contrasting purity of her own life, cast all other things in deeper shadow.

Charles Sandron knew not the reasons for the conduct pursued by his betrothed. Generous of heart, and noble in nature, misrepresentation and calumny from others never once entered his mind, and judging alone from appearances, he resolved to drown regret, and to banish every early and long-cherished affection

from his breast. Henceforth to plunge recklessly into that vortex of pleasurable dissipation, which circumstance and situation had outstretched before him. This resolution once formed, he soon became noted for his conquests among the fairer portion of the fashionable world, and for his passion for intrigue. Though, under these circumstances, all good people really blamed him, and all bad people affected loudly to condemn the course which he pursued, and many of his companions fearing and hating him as a rival, lost no covert opportunity of detracting from his character, still, as Lord Byron so aptly describes the climax to which our hero had attained, there was a sort of glorious blame, a kind of general character for wild and devoted gallantry to the fair sex attached to his conduct, which, though apparent enough to invite censure, was not in those days considered of sufficient magnitude to merit a heavier or more marked visitation.

One morning, in the very zenith of this his first plunge into the vices and follies of the day, a note was put into his hands. The character of the address was familiar to him; it was from Louisa Marmaduke, when, in spite of his resolution to the contrary and determination to forget his first affection, the colour came to his cheeks, sent there unbidden, warm and tinted by the true and generous impulses of the heart.

The letter ran as follows:

"I have taken this step on the maturest reflection. I write not to upbraid you with breach of faith, or with the loss of those feelings of honour for which I once thought you remarkable, but simply to request the return of a locket containing my hair; it is valueless to you now, and you cannot wish to retain it; may you forget that you ever had it in your possession!

"P.S. I have little doubt but that you will

relinquish each token — each remembrance of me, with the same ease as I, from this moment, banish you from all favourable consideration. Let us be strangers to each other henceforth and for ever."

No sooner had Charles Sandron read this letter than his pride flew up in arms. "So!" he exclaimed; "without an attempt at or a wish for explanation, without even the shadow of an expression of regret, she can at once fling me from her and believe in my dishonour. Oh! by my soul! fair lady, you shall *have* an answer." Saying this, he thrust his hand within the vest of his bosom as if in search of some love-token worn next his heart, but, pausing for some moments, he remained a prey to conflicting emotions. For a time he thus stood as if undetermined what course to pursue, and then, striding angrily across the chamber, he opened a desk and, selecting from it a private drawer which contained several locks of hair as well as

other trinkets, he proceeded to pack it with its glossy contents carefully up, when, having directed it with a note also to Louisa Marmaduke, he sent it by a servant to her residence. This done, he threw himself on a sofa, and buried his face in his hands, in which situation we will leave him, in order that we may accompany his despatch to the house of Lady Monkton.

Louisa Marmaduke was alone when a servant entered and delivered a parcel; she knew the character of the direction, and with a trembling hand, proceeded to undo the fastenings; the first article she opened was the note, it ran thus.

"Master Charles Sandron hastens to comply with Mistress Louisa Marmaduke's commands, but having placed the locket containing the hair to which she refers among others, many of which are the same shape, as in some instances their contents are of the same colour, he feels

himself unable, at the present moment, to distinguish which *is* her's, therefore he sends them all, begging that she will select the right one."

The note fell from her powerless hand upon the floor, not a syllable escaped her lips, she did not weep ; the insult was so glaring that it lost much of its effect, or rather all its softer influences ; it had nothing to do with tears, but it paled her cheek and her lip with anger, in which perhaps was mingled some strong shadows of contempt. She sat motionless with the hateful packet containing the assembled locks of hair and lockets on her knee, while her beautiful eyes were bent on the insulting letter which lay at her little foot, like an adder exhausted of its angry venom.

At this moment Lady Monkton entered, when, observing that something was the matter, she possessed herself of the letter, and having read its contents while she coloured to the eyes, with but a single glance at her niece,

she seized the parcel from her lap and threw it behind the fire.

"Let every thought connected with that degraded young man thus perish!" exclaimed Lady Monkton, pretending to be greatly excited. "Of all the insults ever offered to woman, this exceeds any that ever reached my ears: he is worthless, utterly worthless, descended beneath all hope of redemption. However it is better that it should be thus, for, you will excuse me, love, little short of an act like this would have sufficed to have opened your eyes to his depravity."

"It is strange," replied Louisa; "and you will think me wanting in that spirit proper to my sex, but even now the whole thing seems to me to be some wild dream—some unaccountable delusion; I cannot bring my mind to believe that we are not the slaves of hateful deception. You have heard of witchcraft, people, our wisest judges have believed in it, even now they

condemn offenders in the black art to be burned at the stake, then why might not my prospects be thus blighted!"

"Witchcraft is an art generally believed in," said Lady Monkton, scarcely able to repress her anger; "but, though there certainly are cases where dealings with spirits of darkness have been proved, yet the belief in such mystery has led to many abuses, and aged innocence often has suffered, as that able writer on these subjects, Master Scot, has said — 'Young Ignorance and old Custom' are the chief abettors of the belief; besides, if you believe in these invisible powers do you not also credit the remedy; we have still (with some contempt in her manner) the horse-shoe on our door?"*

"I know not what possesses me, my dear Lady Monkton," said Louisa; "but in spite of the evidence of my own eyes, for all the

* Most houses of the west-end of London have the horse-shoe on the threshold.—AUBREY.

thought that you may despise me for my weakness, I do not think Charles Sandron so base as he appears."

"I have no patience, my dear," exclaimed her ladyship, "with your supineness on this point; as to witchcraft and other mysteries, the limited state of the human mind is but too apt to attribute to supernatural agencies that which is above its comprehension; but as to the conduct of this young man, the baseness, the ingratitude of it is as open as the face of day. You say that your prospects are blighted; it is a humiliating confession, and a fact which a woman of spirit ought never to admit. Come, come, my dear child, I, who am so much more experienced than yourself, look upon the circumstance in a very different light. I hold that you have had a very happy escape, that a better existence is about to dawn upon you; you will have hosts of admirers at your feet when it is known that you are free to choose; your beauty,

your fortune entitle you to the best offers, and, believe me, with but trifling exertion on your own part, you will soon forget the existence of this hateful Master Sandron."

"I *will try* my best to do so, my dear Lady Monkton," replied Louisa; "but where we have been brought up with one whom our friends, as well as our natural impulses, taught and recommended us to love; with one whose many apparent good qualities of head and heart seemed to stamp him as a creature far superior to the generality of mankind; it is difficult, very difficult to rend asunder each early and long-treasured association. As a vine or other creeping plant is trained to embrace either the stem of a tree or the outline of a fabric, as its youthful and pliant tendril is directed to cling around the object intended for its future support, so have my earliest and best affections been taught to entwine themselves with the destiny of Charles. Remove the object around

which the vine has grown, it still will bear the fashion of its education, and to force it otherwise might mar its verdure, perhaps for ever; thus — thus it is with me. I am wretched, very wretched, and though I feel the necessity of the line of conduct you point out, I own that I have not the power to fulfil it; to God in his own good time will I pray that I may be blessed with better resolution."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, JUN., PRINTER, 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.